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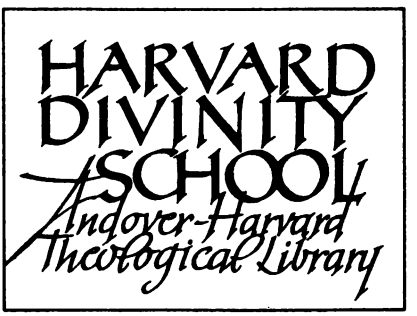
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Hawkes, W. J.

MISSION SONGS:

FOR THE USE OF

MISSIONARY ASSEMBLIES, MONTHLY CONCERTS, MISSION STATIONS, WOMAN'S BOARDS, AND JUVENILE MISSION BANDS.

APPROVED BY THE SECRETARIES OF THE VARIOUS BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

BOSTON:
CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE.
BEACON STREET.
1881.

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PREFACE.

THIS compilation of hymns and songs has been made to supply a long-fe want of the editor in the conduct of missionary prayer meetings in his ov church. Hymns suitable for such occasions are scattered through many book and no one lecture room collection has a sufficiently large variety. In confe ence with the Secretaries of the American Board, and with the officials of oth missionary societies, the book has been given a scope wide enough for annu meetings of the various societies, monthly concerts, and missionary gatherin in the home and foreign fields. A few pieces have also been introduced f the use of choirs on special occasions.

Particular acknowledgment is due Rev. Elijah Harmon of Winchester, N.I for his assistance and contributions.

Thanks are also hereby tendered the others who have aided in the work b criticisms and suggestions; and to authors and publishers for their kindness.

The book is presented to the Church of Christ for the service and glory o the Lord Jesus "in all the world."

Profiting by suggestions from various quarters, we present this ne edition, carefully revised, and enlarged by the addition of a number of hymn and tunes.

W. S. HAWKES.

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.,
August, 1881.

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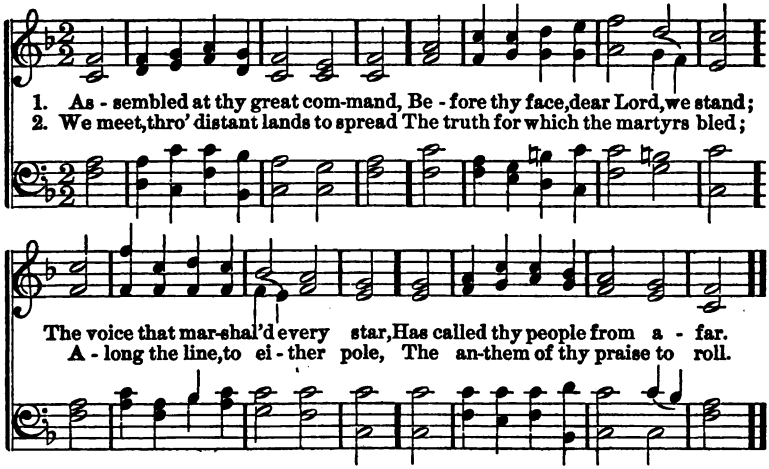
MISSION SONGS.

*"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy * * *: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."*—Rev. v: 9.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

1 Uxbridge. L. M.

"In the name of the God of Israel."—Ezra v: 1.

1. As - sembled at thy great com-mand, Be - fore thy face, dear Lord, we stand;
2. We meet, thro' distant lands to spread The truth for which the martyrs bled;
The voice that mar-shal'd every star, Has called thy people from a - far.
A - long the line, to ei - ther pole, The an-them of thy praise to roll.

Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

COLLYER.

2 Tune,—"UXBRIDGE." L. M.

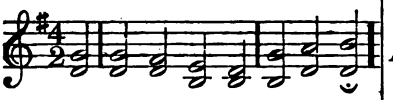
"He shall direct thy paths."—Prov. iii: 6.

1 There is a guiding heart above,
That prompts to every work of love;
There is a heavenly hand that leads
To generous aims and worthy deeds.

2 There is a power which works thro' all;
Controls and governs great and small;
We work with him, and where we end,
His promised blessing shall descend.

3 So we have labored months and years,
'Mid oft commingling smiles and tears;
So we have wrought, O God, with thee,
And thou with us unweariedly.

AMEN.

Old Hundred. L. M.

3

"Exalt the Lord our God."—Ps. xcix: 9.

1 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 't is bent
Its thankful tribute to present,
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound,
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

TATE AND BRADY.

4 L. M.

"Praise ye the Lord."—Ps. cxvii: 2.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

BP. THOMAS KEN.

5

Tune,—"OLD HUNDRED." L. M.

"Know ye that the Lord he is God."—Ps. c: 3.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

3 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

6

Tune,—"OLD HUNDRED." L. M.

"Praise him, all ye people."—Ps. cxvii: 1.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word: [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

WATTS.

7

Tune,—"OLD HUNDRED." L. M.

"Every day will I bless thee."—Ps. cxlv: 2.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

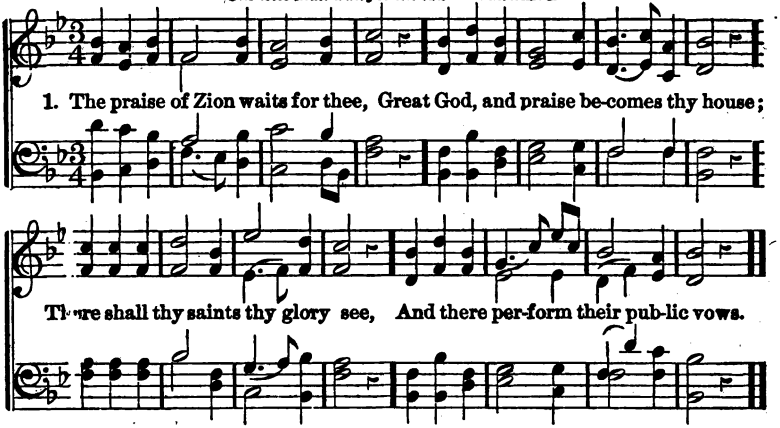
2 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

3 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

WATTS.

8 Mendon. L. M.

"The isles shall wait for his law."—Isa. xlii: 4.

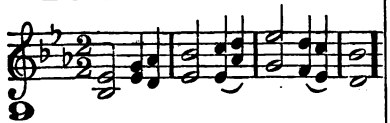

1. The praise of Zion waits for thee, Great God, and praise be-comes thy house;
Tl re shall thy saints thy glory see, And there per-form their pub-lic vows.

2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray!
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of every sea.

3 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

WATTS.

Duke Street. L. M.



9

"Have mercy upon Zion; for the time to favor her, yea, the set time is come."—Ps. cii: 13.

1 Sovereign of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice!
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

MRS. VOKE.

10 Tune,—"DUKE STREET." L. M.

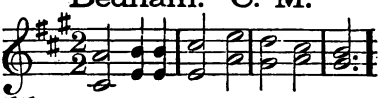
"This is the way."—Isa. xxx: 21.

1 Arise, arise; with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way," ye heralds cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul.

KELLEY.

Dedham. C. M.



11

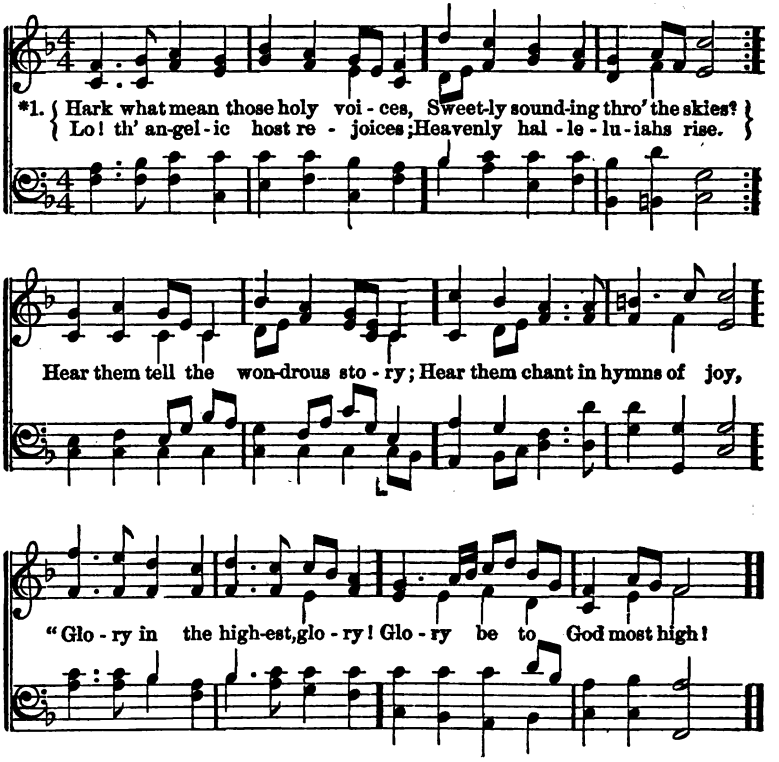
"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—Gen. 1: 2.

1 Spirit of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed!
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word; the healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

MONTGOMERY.

12 Austrian Hymn. 8s & 7s. D.

"Glory to God in the highest."—Luke ii: 14.

*1. { Hark what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing thro' the skies? }
{ Lo! th' an-gel-ic host re - joices; Heavenly hal - le - lu - iahs rise. }
Hear them tell the won-drous sto - ry; Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

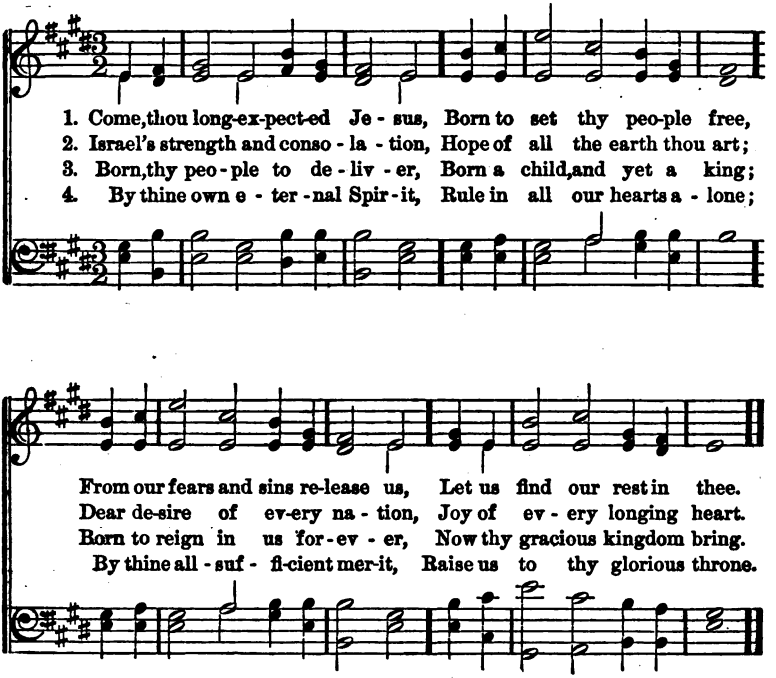
3 "Haste ye mortals to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it covers all the earth."

CAWOOD.

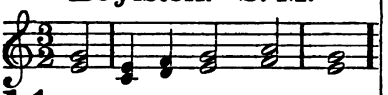
* *This hymn may be sung to the tune* Harwell, page 54.

13 Bartimeus. 8s & 7s.

The desire of all nations shall come."—Hag. ii: 7.


1. Come, thou long-ex-pect-ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free,
2. Israel's strength and conso - la - tion, Hope of all the earth thou art;
3. Born, thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a king;
4. By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;
From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.
Dear de-sire of ev-ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery longing heart.
Born to reign in us for-ev - er, Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine all - suf - fi-cient mer-it, Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Boylston. S. M.



14

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. xxii: 20.

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day:
O, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay!

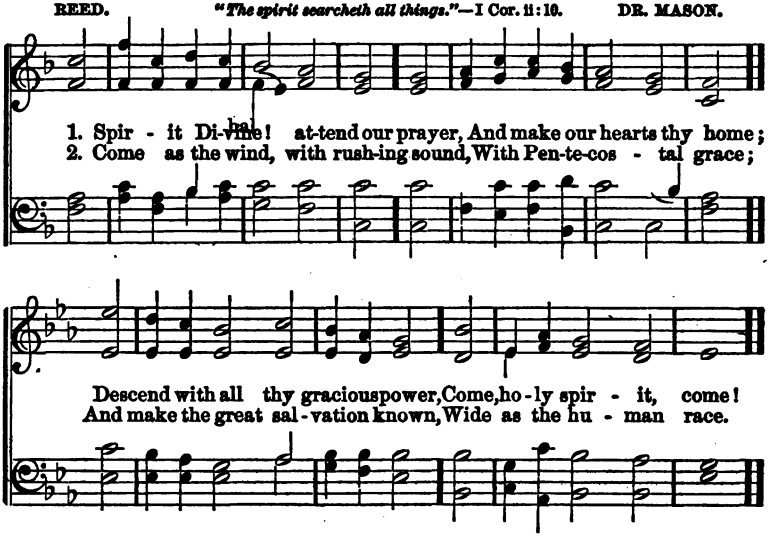
2 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise —
Creation's second birth!

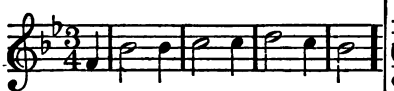
3 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

BONAR.

15 Downs. C. M.

REED. *"The spirit searcheth all things."*—I Cor. ii: 10. DR. MASON.


1. Spir - it Di-vine! at-tend our prayer, And make our hearts thy home;
2. Come as the wind, with rush-ing sound, With Pen-te-cos - tal grace;
Descend with all thy gracious power, Come, ho-ly spir - it, come!
And make the great sal-vation known, Wide as the hu - man race.

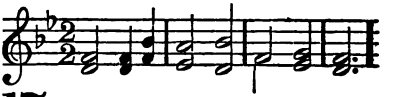
Ortonville. C. M.

16

"Until he come whose right it is."—Ez'k xxi: 27.

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Send forth thy word and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound!

3 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord. BURDER.

Ward. L. M.

17

"Every knee shall bow."—Rom. xiv: 11.

1 We wait thy triumph, Saviour, King!
Long ages have prepared thy way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

2 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

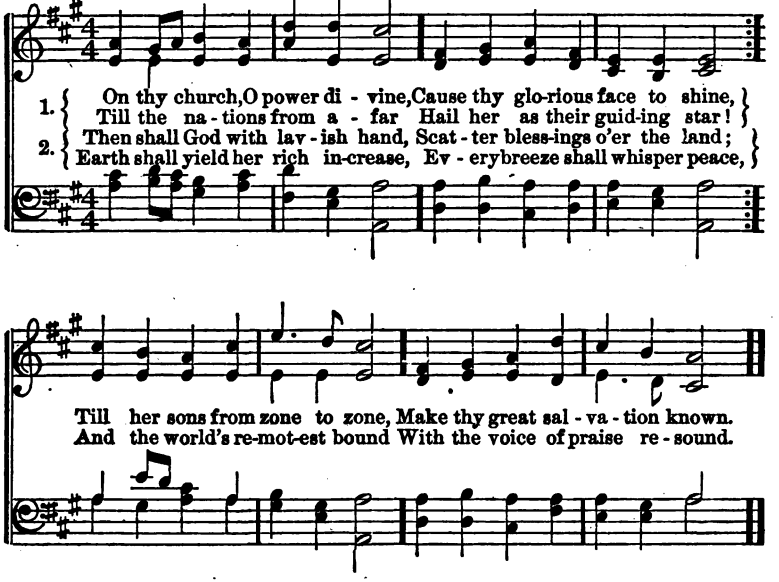
3 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known!
Fulfill the Father's great decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great Jubilee!

REV. RAY PALMER.

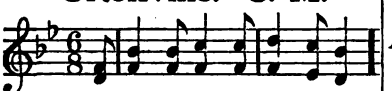
18 Dix. 7s. 6l.

FROM THE GERMAN.

*"God * * * cause his face to shine upon us."*—Ps. lxvii: 1.


1. On thy church, O power di - vine, Cause thy glo-rious face to shine,
Till the na - tions from a - far Hail her as their guid-ing star!
2. Then shall God with lav - ish hand, Scat - ter bless-ings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich in-crease, Ev - erybreeze shall whisper peace,
Till her sons from zone to zone, Make thy great sal - va - tion known.
And the world's re-mot-est bound With the voice of praise re - sound.

Ortonville. C. M.



19

"The sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. iv: 2.

1 We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour,
When God shall ope the morning gate
By his almighty power.

2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs;
Till he shall come, earth's gloom to chase,
With *healing on his* wings.

3 And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
Which never shall be past.

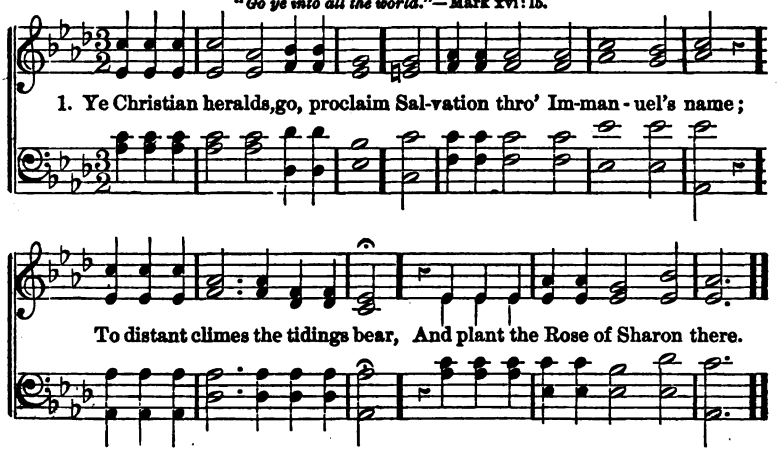
4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine!

5 O guide us till our night is done!
Until from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

20 Missionary Chant. L. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER.

"Go ye into all the world."—Mark xvi: 15.


1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal-vation thro' Im-man-uel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all!

MRS. VOKE.

21

Tune,—"MISSIONARY CHANT." L. M.

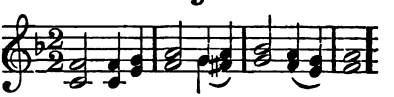
"Ambassadors for Christ."—II Cor. v: 20.

1 Go, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go bid the Rose of Sharon bloom,
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.

3 *Oh, faint not in the day of toil,*
When harvest waits the reaper's hand!
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

BALFOUR.

Hamburg. L. M.

22

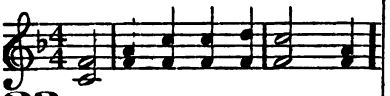
"All power is given unto me."—Matt. xxviii: 18.

1 "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end,
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy and I defend."

WATTS.

Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

23

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations." —Matt. xxviii: 19.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They called us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

24

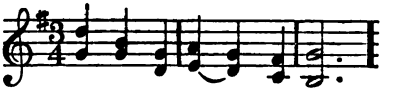
Tune,—"MISSIONARY HYMN." 7s & 6s.

"The waters in the hollow of his hand."—Isa. xl: 12.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean,
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean!
Protect them from all harm;
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

EDMESTON.

Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

25

"Cry aloud, spare not."—Isa. lviii: 1.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is w n,
And from his lofty th:one
Satan is hurled.

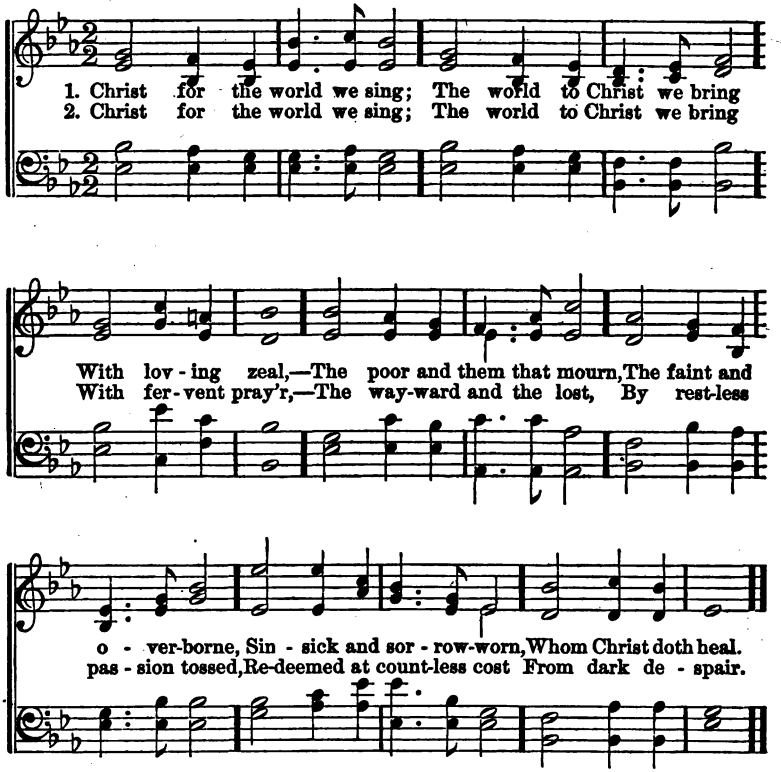
2 Far over sea and land,
'Tis our Lord's own command,
Bear ye his name;
Bear it to every shore;
Regions unknown explore;
Enter at every door;
Silence is shame

3 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

KELLY.

26 Cutting. 6s & 4s.

W. F. SHERWIN.

"Christ, the Saviour of the world."—John iv: 42.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
With lov - ing zeal,—The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
With fer - vent pray'r,—The way-ward and the lost, By rest-less
o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
pas - sion tossed, Re-deemed at count-less cost From dark de - spair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord,—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ, our Lord.

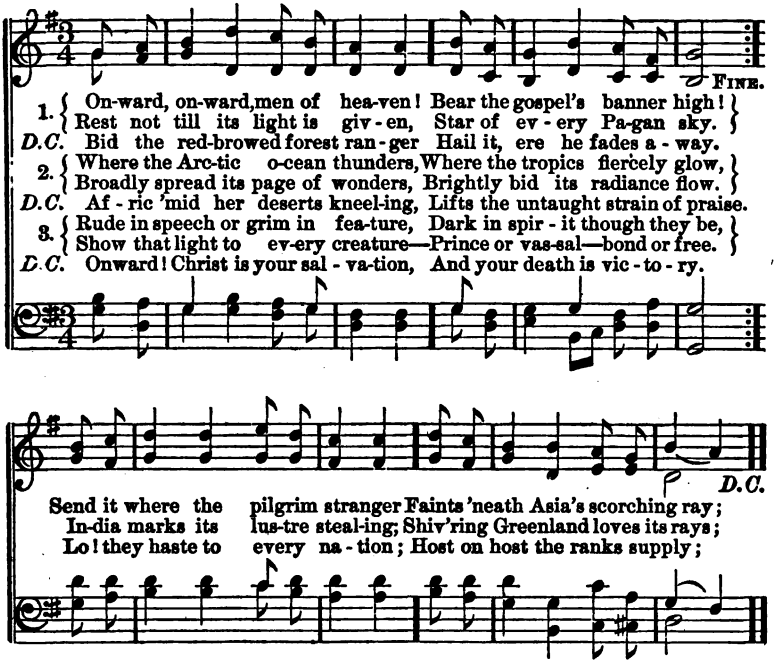
4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song,—
The new-born souls, whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

WOLCOTT.

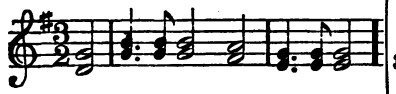
27 Bavaria. 8s & 7s. D.

L. H. SIGOURNEY. *Missionary Charged.*

"Lift up a banner."—Is. xiii: 2.


FINE.
1. { On-ward, on-ward, men of hea-ven! Bear the gospel's banner high! }
{ Rest not till its light is giv-en, Star of ev-ery Pa-gan sky. }
D.C. Bid the red-browed forest ran-ger Hail it, ere he fades a-way.
2. { Where the Arc-tic o-cean thunders, Where the tropics fiercely glow, }
{ Broadly spread its page of wonders, Brightly bid its radiance flow. }
D.C. Af-ric 'mid her deserts kneel-ing, Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
3. { Rude in speech or grim in fea-ture, Dark in spir-it though they be, }
{ Show that light to ev-ery creature—Prince or vas-sal—bond or free. }
D.C. Onward! Christ is your sal-va-tion, And your death is vic-to-ry.
D.C.
Send it where the pilgrim stranger Faints 'neath Asia's scorching ray;
In-dia marks its lus-tre steal-ing; Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays;
Lo! they haste to every na-tion; Host on host the ranks supply;

Arlington. C. M.



28

"Sing unto the Lord, all the earth."—Ps. xcvi: 1.

1 Sing to the Lord ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

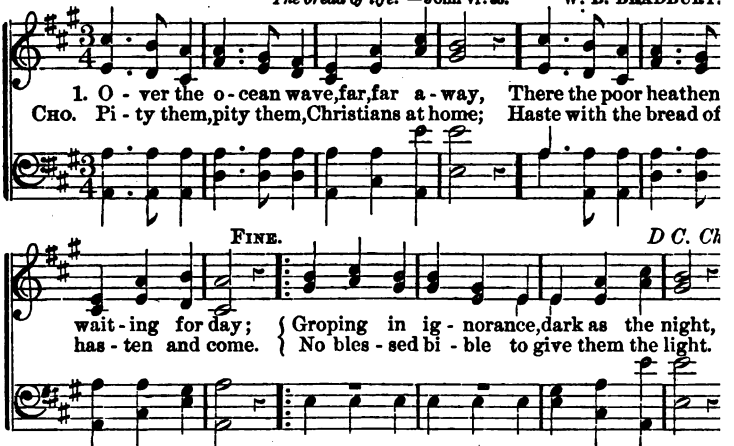
2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye vallies rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

4 Behold he comes; he comes to bless
The nations as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

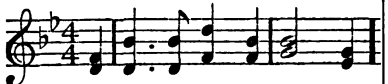
WATTS.

29 Over the Ocean Wave. 10s.

By permission BIGLOW & MAIN. *"The bread of life."*—John vi: 35. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor heathen
CHO. Pi - ty them, pity them, Christians at home; Haste with the bread of
FINE.
D C. Ch
wait - ing for day; has - ten and come.
Groping in ig - norance, dark as the night,
No bles - sed bi - ble to give them the light.

2 Here in this happy land we have the light [pure and bright;
Shining from God's own word, free
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read, [they need?
Teachers, and preachers, and all that

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh, see them come! [home."
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us

Webb. 7s & 6s.

30

"Having done all, to stand."—Eph. vi: 13.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppos

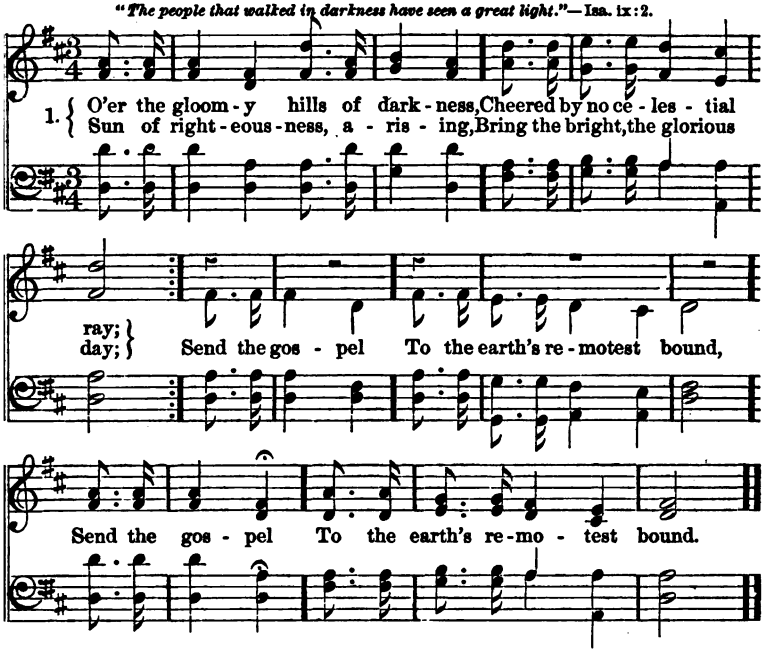
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

DUFFIE

31 Zion. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

DR. HASTINGS.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."—Isa. ix:2.

1. O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Cheered by no ce-les-tial
Sun of right-eous-ness, a-ris-ing, Bring the bright, the glorious
ray;
day;
Send the gos-pel To the earth's re-motest bound,
Send the gos-pel To the earth's re-mo-test bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light:
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

WILLIAMS.

32 Tune,—"ZION." 8s, 7s, & 4s.

"A light to lighten the Gentiles."—Luke ii:32.

1 O'er the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them who sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

COTTERILL.

33 Your Mission. 8s & 7s.

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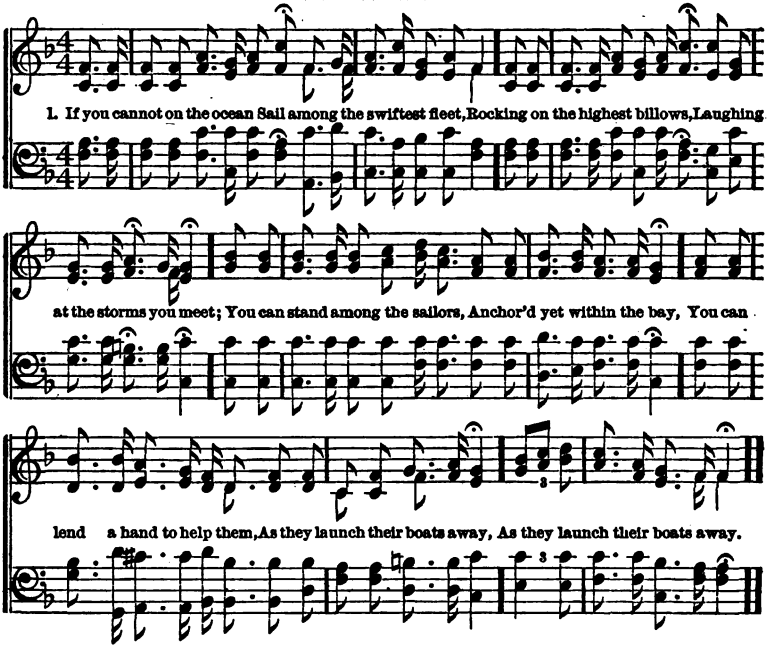
"She hath done what she could."—Mark xiv: 8.

1. If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing
at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet within the bay, You can
lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden
May the careless reapers leave.
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For 't may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

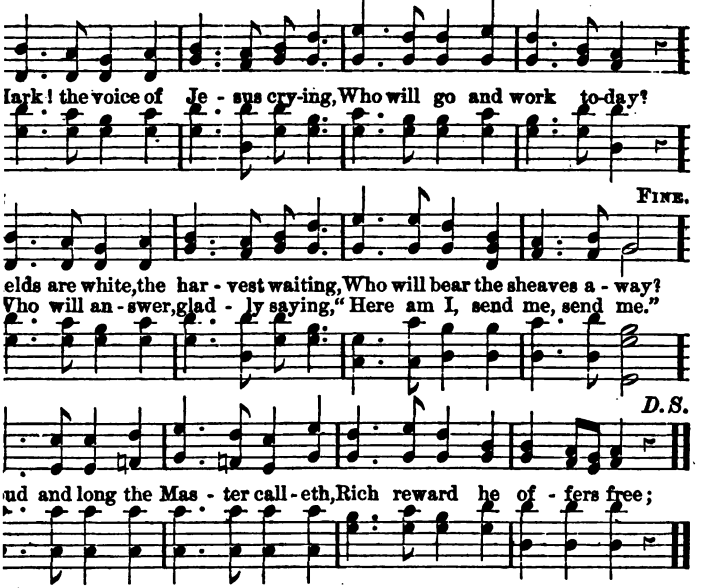
5 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands,
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

6 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

7 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Time moves on with rapid motion;
Life and death are both in view.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it any where.

Mission Song. 8s & 7s. D.

"*Son, go work to-day.*"—Matt. xxi: 28. P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

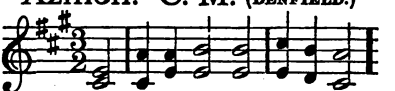

Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, Who will go and work to-day?
FINE.
elds are white, the har - vest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
Who will an - swer, glad - ly saying, "Here am I, send me, send me."
D.S.
ud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich reward he of - fers free;

ı cannot cross the ocean
d the heathen lands explore,
:an find the heathen nearer,
ı can help them at your door;
ı cannot speak like angels,
'ou cannot preach like Paul,
:an tell the love of Jesus,
ı can say he died for all.

: the souls of men are dying,
ł the Master calls for you,
one hear you idly saying,
here is nothing I can do!"
y take the task he gives you,
his work your pleasure be;
er quickly when he calleth,
ere am I, send me, send me."

REV. DANIEL MARCH.

Azmon. C. M. (DENFIELD.)



35

"*One soweth, and another reapeth.*"—John iv: 37.

1 Oh, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word:
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord."

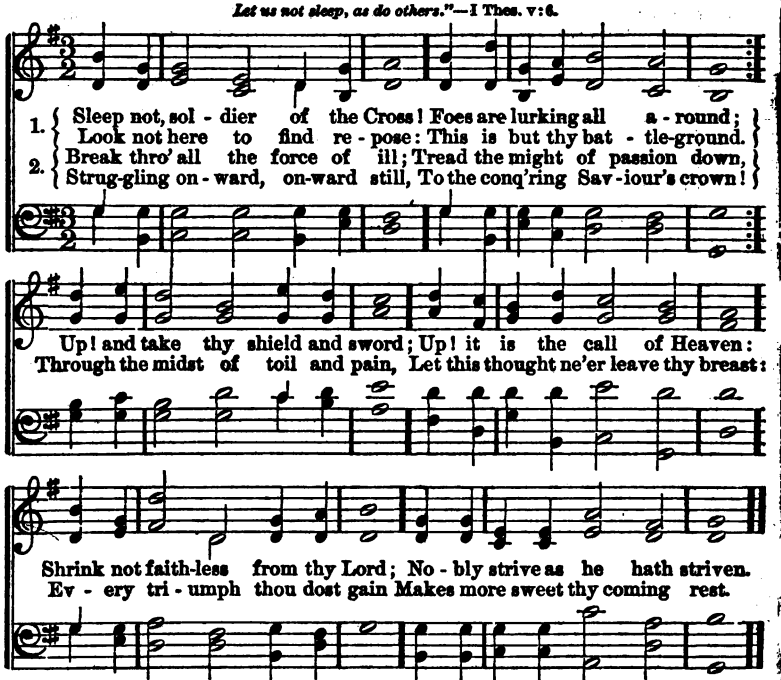
2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

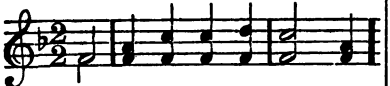
3 Where prophets' word and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

36 White. 7s. D.

Let us not sleep, as do others."—1 Thes. v:6.


1. Sleep not, sol - dier of the Cross! Foes are lurking all a - round;
Look not here to find re - pose: This is but thy bat - tle-ground.
2. Break thro' all the force of ill; Tread the might of passion down,
Strug-gling on - ward, on-ward still, To the conq'ring Sav-iour's crown!
Up! and take thy shield and sword; Up! it is the call of Heaven:
Through the midst of toil and pain, Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Shrink not faith-less from thy Lord; No - bly strive as he hath striven.
Ev - ery tri - umph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

37

"A banner to them that fear thee."—Ps. lx:4.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout,—"Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

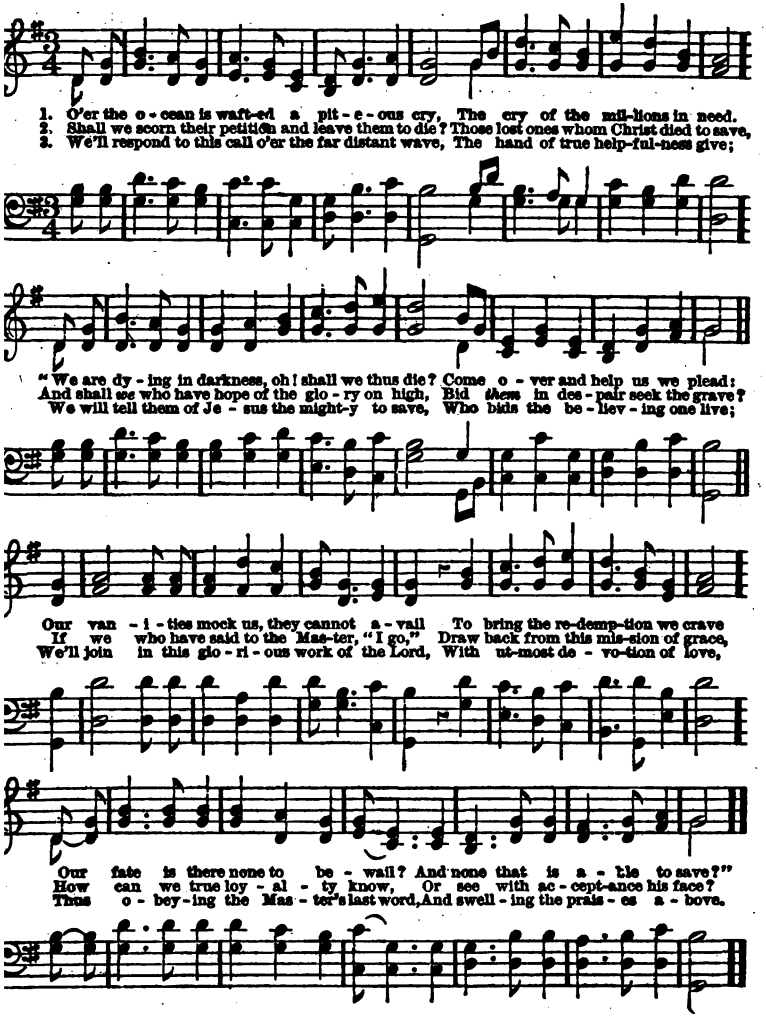
2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of Kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

HASTINGS.

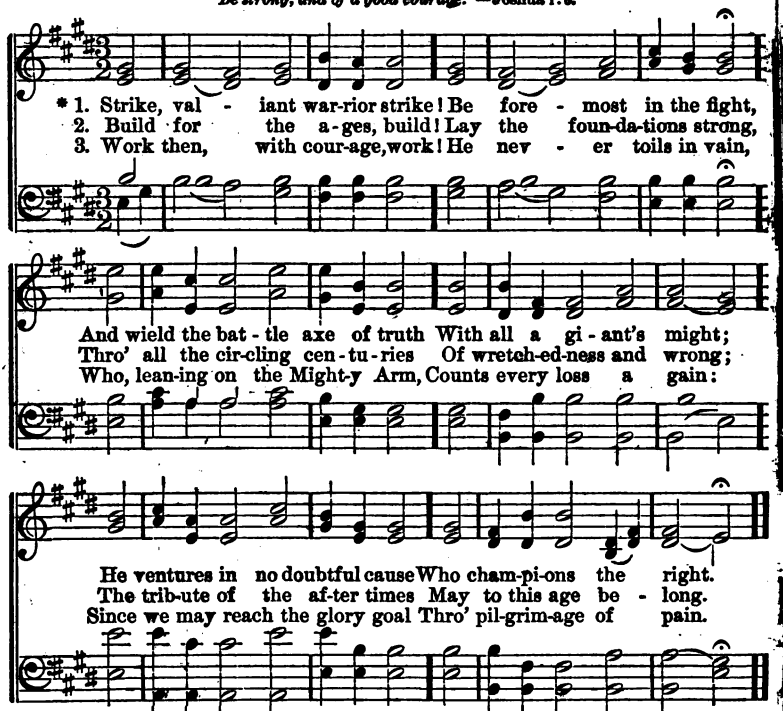
38 Valley of Blessing. P. M.

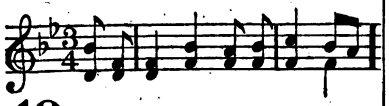
REV. E. HARMON. 1879. WM. G. FISCHER. By permission.

"Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David."—Matt. xv:22.

1. O'er the o - cean is waft-ed a pit - e - ous cry, The cry of the mil-lions in need.
2. Shall we scorn their petition and leave them to die? Those lost ones whom Christ died to save,
3. We'll respond to this call o'er the far distant wave, The hand of true help-ful-ness give;
"We are dy - ing in darkness, oh! shall we thus die? Come o - ver and help us we plead:
And shall we who have hope of the glo - ry on high, Bid them in des - pair seek the grave?
We will tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save, Who bids the be - liev - ing one live;
Our van - i - ties mock us, they cannot a - vail To bring the re-demp-tion we crave
If we who have said to the Mas-ter, "I go," Draw back from this mis-sion of grace,
We'll join in this glo - ri - ous work of the Lord, With ut-most de - vo-tion of love,
Our fate is there none to be - wail? And none that is a - ble to save?"
How can we true loy - al - ty know, Or see with ac - cept-ance his face?
Thus o - bey - ing the Mas - ter's last word, And swell - ing the prais - es a - bove.

39 Selvin. S. M. 6l.

REV. ELI CORWIN. 1879.

"Be strong, and of a good courage."—Joshua 1:6.

* 1. Strike, val - iant war-rior strike! Be fore - most in the fight,
2. Build for the a-ges, build! Lay the foun-da-tions strong,
3. Work then, with cour-age, work! He nev - er toils in vain,
And wield the bat - tle axe of truth With all a gi - ant's might;
Thro' all the cir-cling cen-tu-ries Of wretch-ed-ness and wrong;
Who, lean-ing on the Might-y Arm, Counts every loss a gain:
He ventures in no doubtful cause Who cham-pi-ons the right.
The trib-ute of the af-ter times May to this age be - long.
Since we may reach the glory goal Thro' pil-grim-age of pain.

Stockwell. 8s & 7s.

40

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."
—Ps. cxxvi:5.

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine,
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

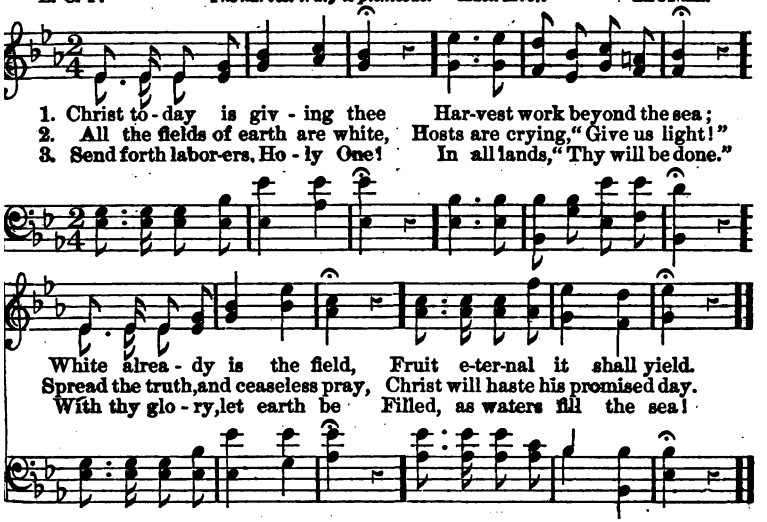
4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
Sure the harvest time is near.

HASTINGS.

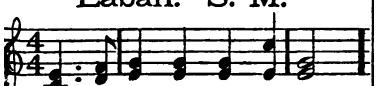
* *Dedicated to* Secretary M. E. STRIEBY, D. D. of the A. M. A.

41 Telemann's Chant. 7s.

E. C. P. *"The harvest truly is plenteous."*—Matt. ix: 37. ZEUNER.


1. Christ to-day is giv-ing thee Har-vest work beyond the sea;
2. All the fields of earth are white, Hosts are crying, "Give us light!"
3. Send forth labor-ers, Ho-ly One! In all lands, "Thy will be done."
White alrea-dy is the field, Fruit e-ter-nal it shall yield.
Spread the truth, and ceaseless pray, Christ will haste his promised day.
With thy glo-ry, let earth be Filled, as waters fill the sea!

Laban. S. M.



42

*"Behold, I have given him for *** a leader."*
—Isa. lv: 4.

Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before the banner flies,
And victory is his.

We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow thee, through grace supplied,
From heaven's eternal spring.

We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
I will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore. ANON.

43

Tune,—"LABAN." S. M.

"We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."—Rom. viii: 37.

1 Soldiers of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son,

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

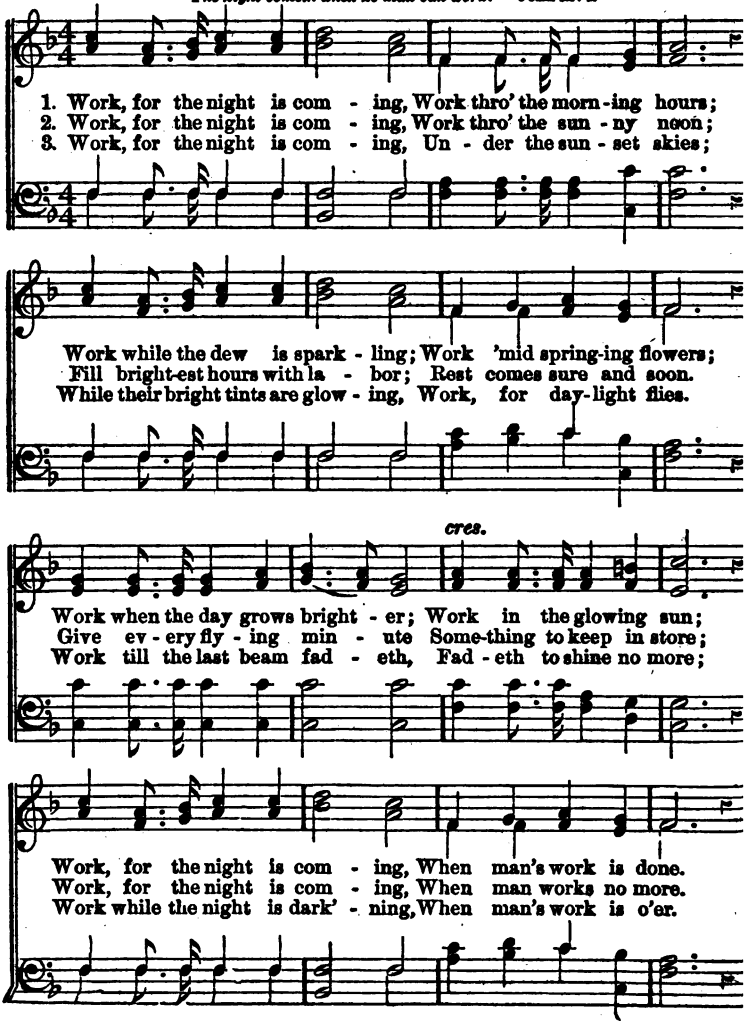
3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

C. WESLEY.

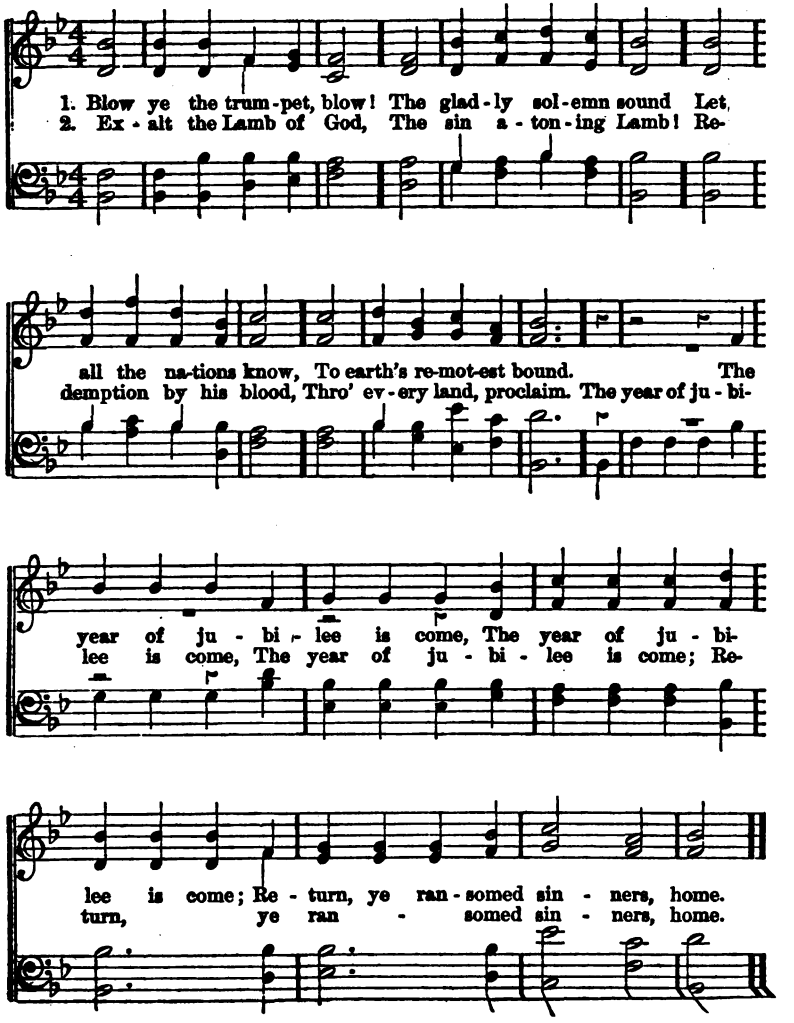
44 Work, for the Night is Coming.

S. DYER. DR. MASON. By permission.

"The night cometh when no man can work."—John ix: 4.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring-ing flowers;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor; Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies.
cres.
Work when the day grows bright - er; Work in the glowing sun;
Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark' - ning, When man's work is o'er.

45 Lenox. H. M.

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—Luke iv: 19.


1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow! The glad-ly sol-emn sound Let
2. Ex-alt the Lamb of God, The sin a-ton-ing Lamb! Re-
all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound. The
demption by his blood, Thro' ev-ery land, proclaim. The year of ju-bi-
year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of ju-bi-
lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-
lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.
turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

46 A Cry from Macedonia.

ANON.

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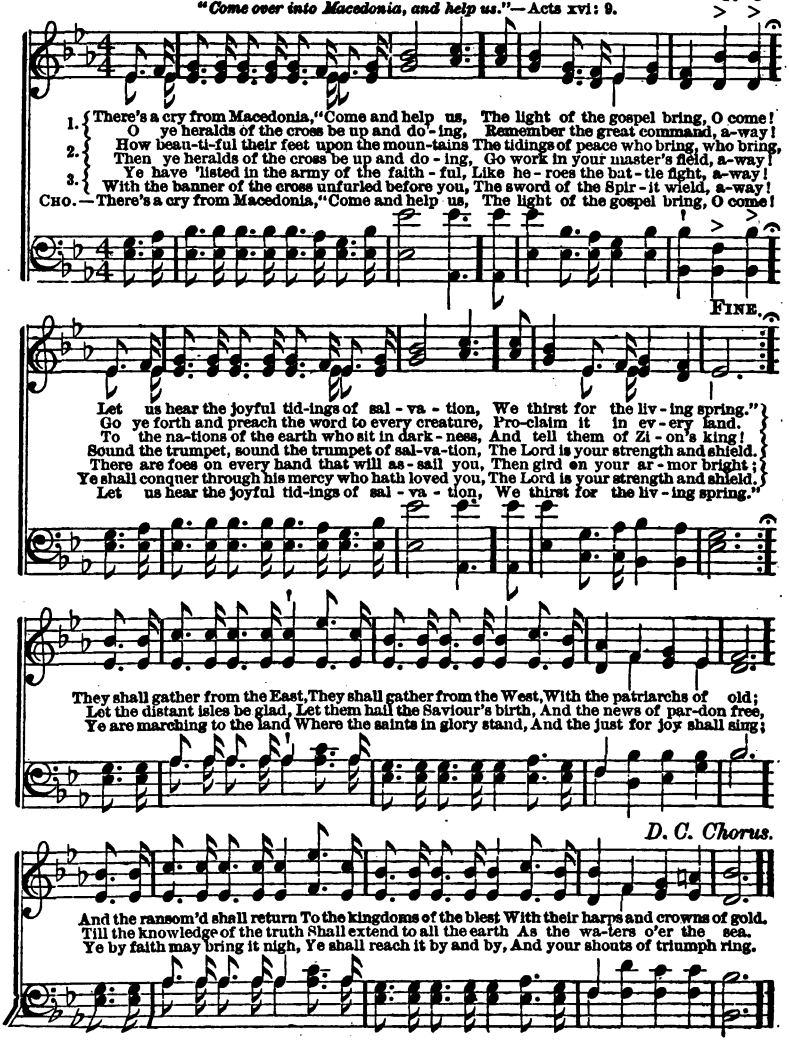
"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—Acts xvi: 9.

1. There's a cry from Macedonia, "Come and help us, The light of the gospel bring, O come!
O ye heralds of the cross be up and do-ing, Remember the great command, a-way!
2. How beau-ti-ful their feet upon the moun-tains The tidings of peace who bring, who bring,
Then ye heralds of the cross be up and do-ing, Go work in your master's field, a-way!
3. Ye have 'listed in the army of the faith-ful, Like he-roes the bat-tle fight, a-way!
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you, The sword of the Spir-it wield, a-way!
CHO.—There's a cry from Macedonia, "Come and help us, The light of the gospel bring, O come!
FINE.
Let us hear the joyful tid-ings of sal-va-tion, We thirst for the liv-ing spring."
Go ye forth and preach the word to every creature, Pro-claim it in ev-ery land.
To the na-tions of the earth who sit in dark-ness, And tell them of Zi-on's king!
Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of sal-va-tion, The Lord is your strength and shield.
There are foes on every hand that will as-sail you, Then gird on your ar-mor bright;
Ye shall conquer through his mercy who hath loved you, The Lord is your strength and shield.
Let us hear the joyful tid-ings of sal-va-tion, We thirst for the liv-ing spring."
They shall gather from the East, They shall gather from the West, With the patriarchs of old;
Let the distant isles be glad, Let them hail the Saviour's birth, And the news of par-don free,
Ye are marching to the land Where the saints in glory stand, And the just for joy shall sing;
D. C. Chorus.
And the ransom'd shall return To the kingdoms of the blest With their harps and crowns of gold.
Till the knowledge of the truth Shall extend to all the earth As the wa-ters o'er the sea.
Ye by faith may bring it nigh, Ye shall reach it by and by, And your shouts of triumph ring.

47 Good Tidings.

ANON.

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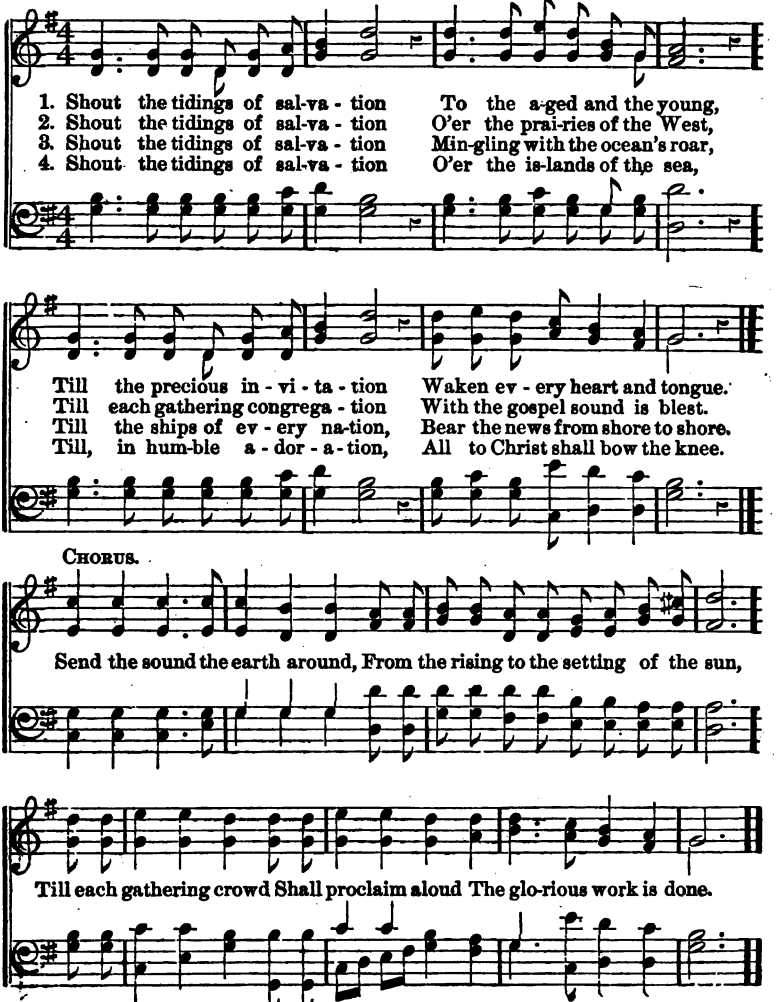
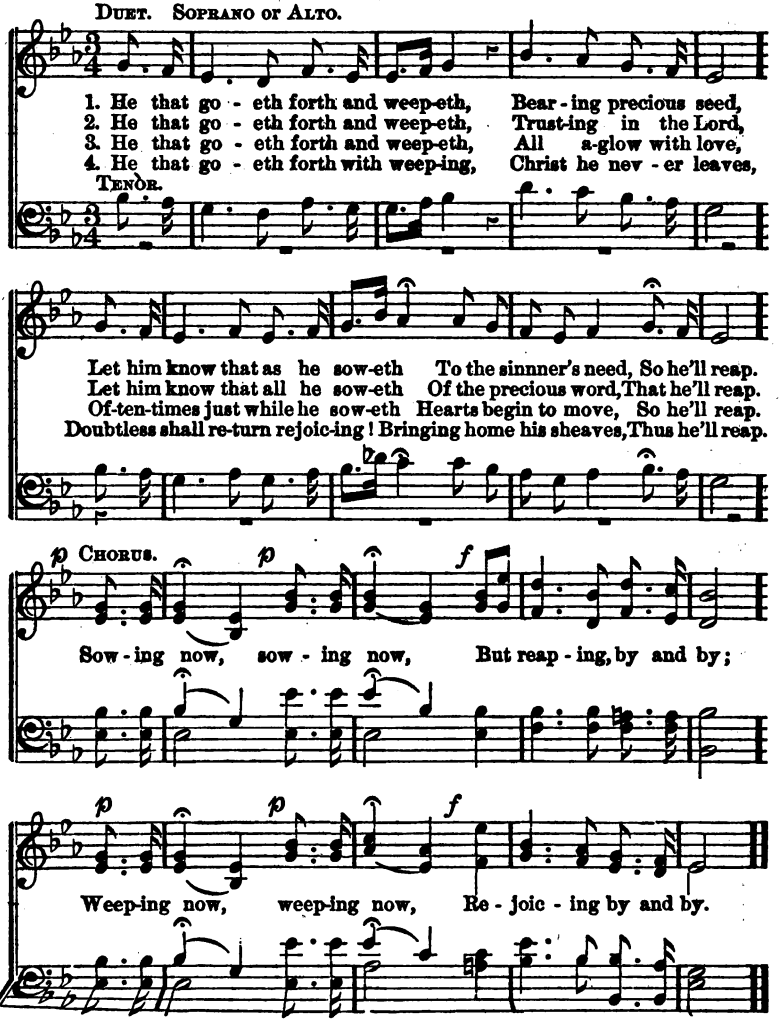
"Preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi:15.

1. Shout the tidings of sal-va - tion To the a-ged and the young,
2. Shout the tidings of sal-va - tion O'er the prai-ries of the West,
3. Shout the tidings of sal-va - tion Min-gling with the ocean's roar,
4. Shout the tidings of sal-va - tion O'er the is-lands of the sea,
Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Waken ev - ery heart and tongue.
Till each gathering congrega - tion With the gospel sound is blest.
Till the ships of ev - ery na-tion, Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till, in hum-ble a - dor - a - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.
CHORUS.
Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gathering crowd Shall proclaim aloud The glo-rious work is done.

48 He that Goeth Forth and Weepeth.

J. E. H. By permission from "BIBLE BALLADS." J. E. HALL.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi: 9.

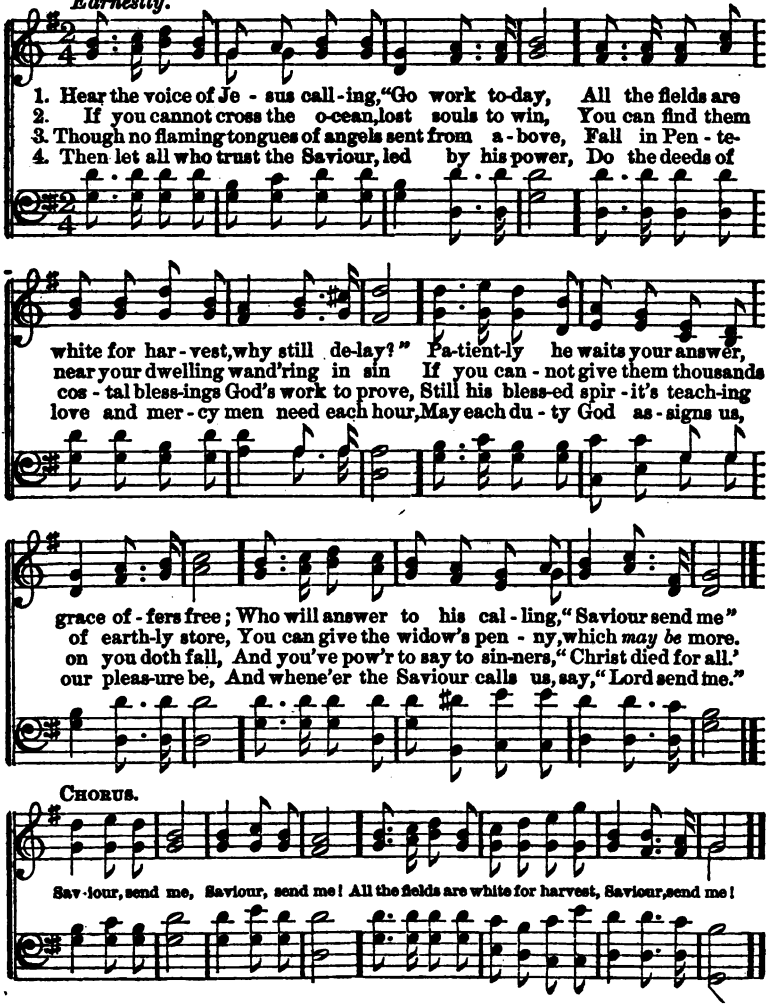
DUET. SOPRANO OR ALTO.

1. He that go - eth forth and weep-eth, Bear - ing precious seed,
2. He that go - eth forth and weep-eth, Trust-ing in the Lord,
3. He that go - eth forth and weep-eth, All a-glow with love,
4. He that go - eth forth with weep-ing, Christ he nev - er leaves,
TENOR.
Let him know that as he sow-eth To the sinnner's need, So he'll reap.
Let him know that all he sow-eth Of the precious word, That he'll reap.
Of-ten-times just while he sow-eth Hearts begin to move, So he'll reap.
Doubtless shall re-turn rejoic-ing! Bringing home his sheaves, Thus he'll reap.
p CHORUS.
p
f
Sow - ing now, sow - ing now, But reap - ing, by and by;
p
p
f
Weep-ing now, weep-ing now, Re - joic - ing by and by.

49 Send Me.

Taken by per. from "Songs for the Golden Shore." Words and Music by D. F. HODGES.

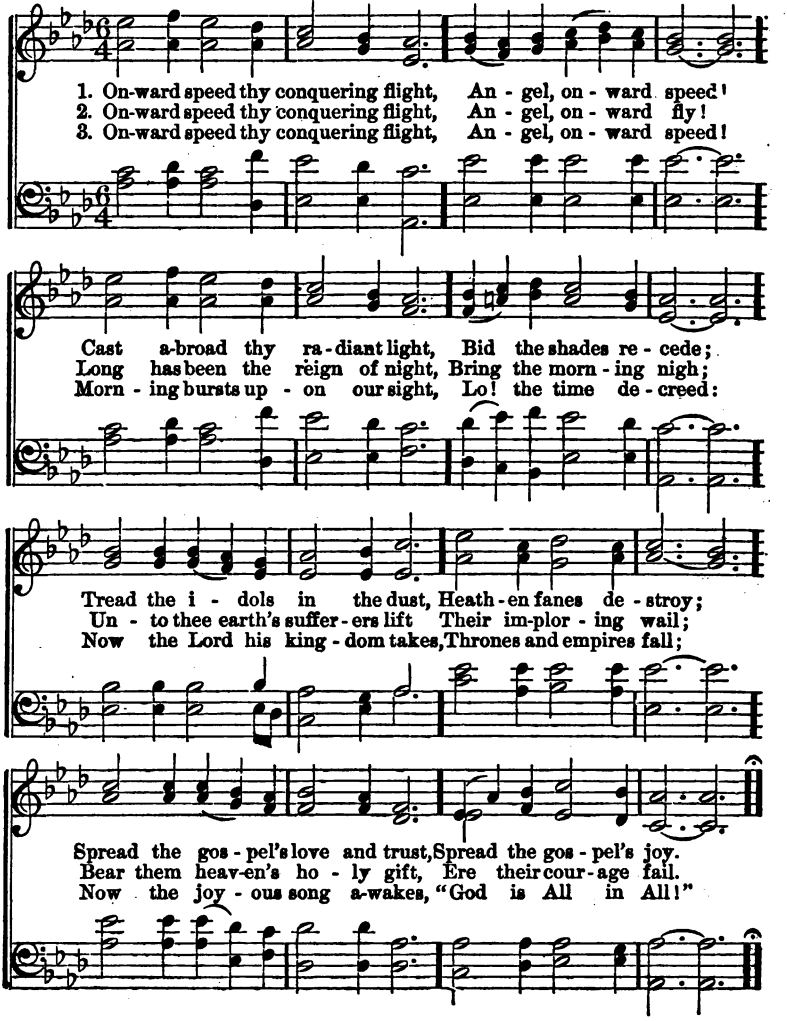
"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi:28.

Earnestly.


1. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Go work to-day, All the fields are white for har - vest, why still de-lay?" Pa-tient-ly he waits your answer,
2. If you cannot cross the o-cean, lost souls to win, You can find them near your dwelling wand'ring in sin If you can - not give them thousands
3. Though no flaming tongues of angels sent from a - bove, Fall in Pen - te- cos - tal bless-ings God's work to prove, Still his bless-ed spir - it's teach-ing
4. Then let all who trust the Saviour, led by his power, Do the deeds of love and mer - cy men need each hour, May each du - ty God as - signs us,
grace of - fers free; Who will answer to his cal - ling, "Saviour send me"
of earth-ly store, You can give the widow's pen - ny, which *may be* more.
on you doth fall, And you've pow'r to say to sin-ners, "Christ died for all.'
our pleas-ure be, And whene'er the Saviour calls us, say, "Lord send me."
Chorus.
Sav - iour, send me, Saviour, send me! All the fields are white for harvest, Saviour, send me!

50 Empire. 7s & 5s, D.

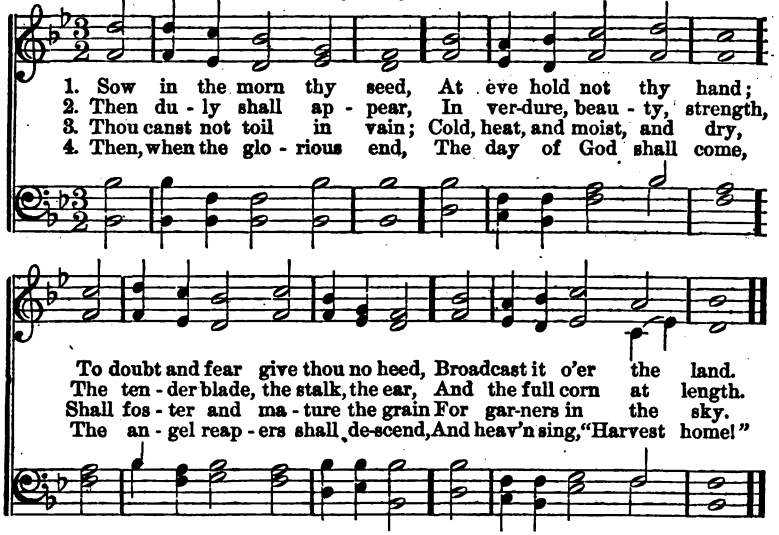
S. F. SMITH. From the "STANDARD." E. S. REED.

"He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. vi:2.

1. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward speed!
2. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward fly!
3. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward speed!
Cast a-broad thy ra-diant light, Bid the shades re - cede;
Long has been the reign of night, Bring the morn - ing nigh;
Morn - ing bursts up - on our sight, Lo! the time de - creed:
Tread the i - dols in the dust, Heath-en fanes de - stroy;
Un - to thee earth's suffer-ers lift Their im-plor - ing wail;
Now the Lord his king - dom takes, Thrones and empires fall;
Spread the gos - pel's love and trust, Spread the gos - pel's joy.
Bear them heav-en's ho - ly gift, Ere their cour-age fail.
Now the joy - ous song a-wakes, "God is All in All!"

51 State Street. S. M.

MONTGOMERY. WOODMAN.

"In the morning sow thy seed."—Eccl. xi: 6.


1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand;
2. Then du - ly shall ap - pear, In ver-dure, beau - ty, strength,
3. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
4. Then, when the glo - rious end, The day of God shall come,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broadcast it o'er the land.
The ten - der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.
Shall fos - ter and ma - ture the grain For gar-ners in the sky.
The an - gel reap - ers shall de-scend, And heav'n sing, "Harvest home!"

52 Tune,—"AUSTRIAN HYMN," page 6.

"The whole creation groaneth."—Rom. viii: 22.

1 We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,—
To be living is sublime!
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray!
Hark! what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou has but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

BP. A. C. COXE.

53 Tune,—"TOPLADY." 7s, 6 lines.

"My God is the rock of my refuge."—Ps. xciv: 22.

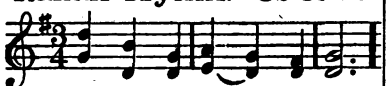
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

TOPLADY.

Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

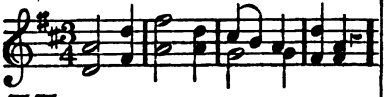


54 *Follow me."*—Matt. viii: 22.

1 O thou best Gift of heaven!
Thou who thyself hast given,—
For thou hast died!
This thou hast done for me:
What have I done for thee,
Thou Crucified?

2 I long to serve thee more;
Reveal an open door,
Saviour, to me:
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in thy cross,
And follow thee.

3 Do thou but point the way,
And give me strength t' obey,
Thy will be mine:
Then can I think it joy
To suffer, or to die,
Since I am thine. ANON.

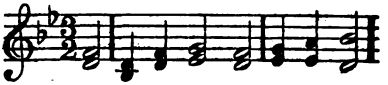
Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

55 *"I * * glory * * in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—Gal. vi: 14.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

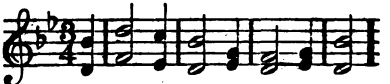
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
BOWRING.

Hebron. L. M.

56 *"Ye are not your own."*—I Cor. vi: 19.

1 Oh! not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul,
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

2 "Oh! not my own," I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander never more.
S. F. SMITH.

Balerma. C. M.

Communion Hymn.

57 *"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."*—Jer. xxxi: 3.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

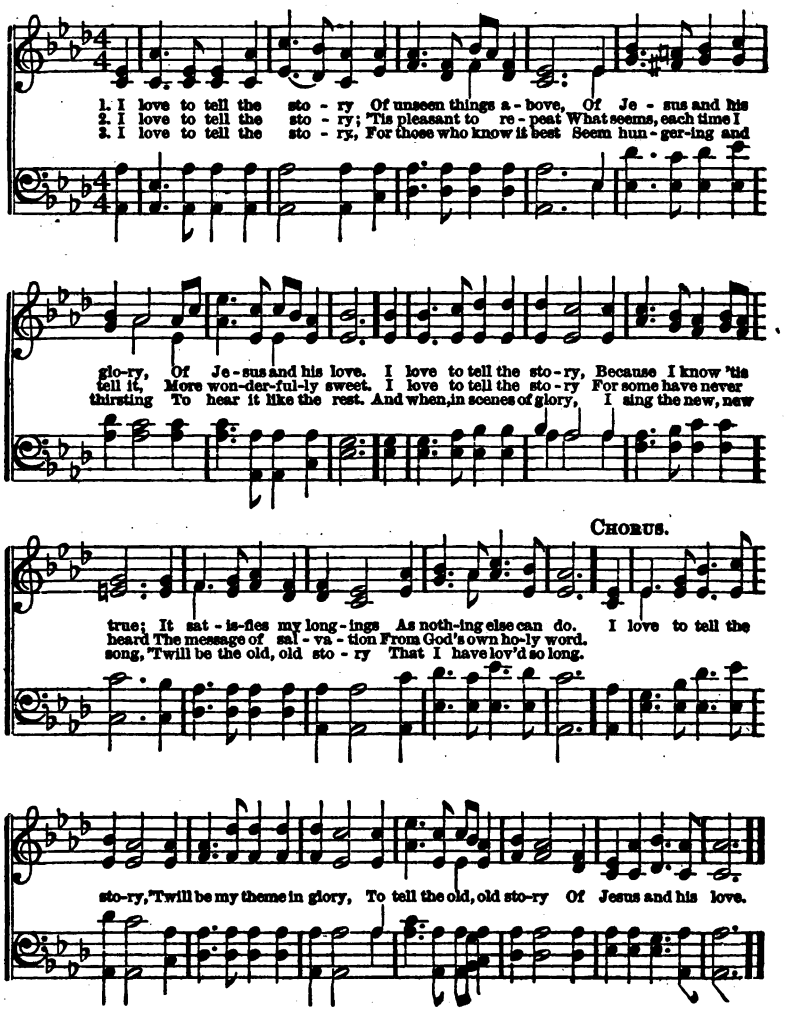
2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

4 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

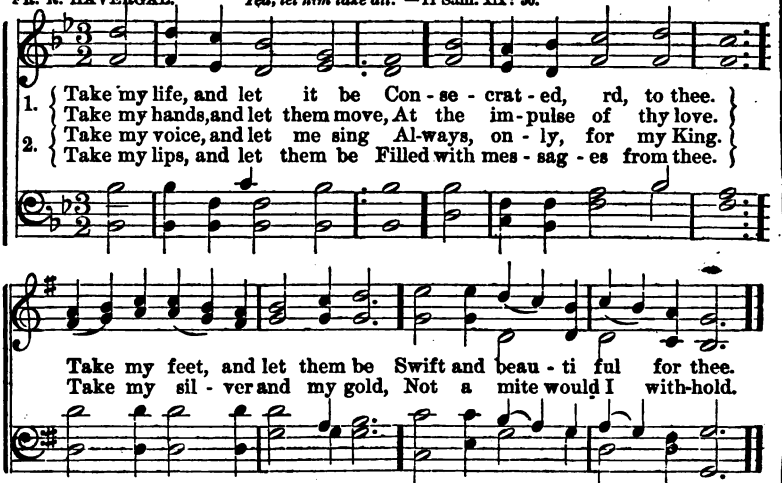
58 I Love to Tell the Story. 7s & 6s, D.

K. HANKEY. By permission of W. G. FISCHER.

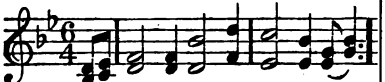
"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—I Tim. 1: 15.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-ing and
glo-ry, Of Je-sus and his love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Because I know 'tis
tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry For some have never
thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new
CHORUS.
true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings As noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the
heard The message of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Jesus and his love.

59 Halle. 7s, 6l.

FR. R. HAVERGAL. *"Yea, let him take all."*—II Sam. xix: 30.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, rd, to thee.
Take my hands, and let them move, At the im - pulse of thy love.
2. Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from thee.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti ful for thee.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.

3 Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy living throne.
Take my love; my Lord I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Maitland. C. M.

60

"Let him deny himself and take up his cross."—Luke ix: 23.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy, without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

61

Tune,—"BETHANY." 6s & 4s.

"We are laborers together with God."—I Cor. iii: 9.

1 Working, O Christ, with thee!
Working with thee,
Unworthy, sinful, weak,
Although we be;
Our all to thee we give;
For thee alone we live,
And by thy grace achieve,—
Working for thee.

2 Saviour, we weary not,
Working with thee;
As hard as thine *our* lot
Can never be.
Our joy and comfort this,
Thy grace sufficient is;
This changes toil to bliss,
Working with thee.

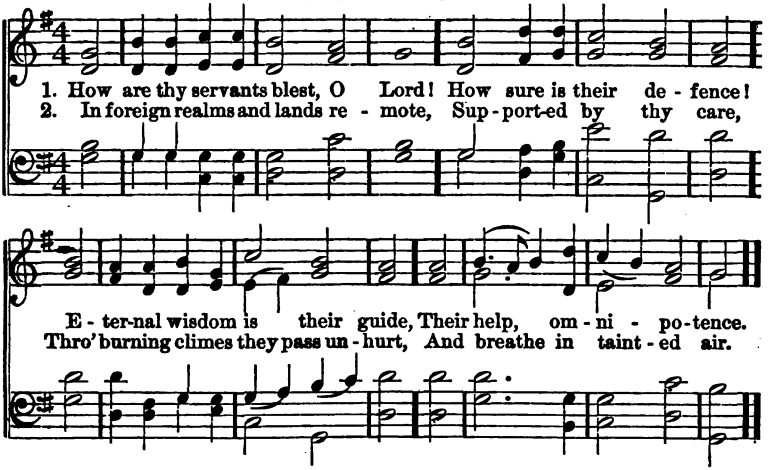
3 So, let us labor on,
Working with thee,
Till earth to thee is won,
From sin set free;
Till men from shore to shore
Receive thee, and adore,
And join us evermore
Working with thee.

MRS. H. E. BROWN.

62 Peterboro'. C. M.

ADDISON.

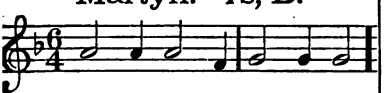
"Nothing shall by any means hurt you."—Luke x: 19.


1. How are thy servants blest, O Lord! How sure is their de - fence!
2. In foreign realms and lands re - mote, Sup - port-ed by thy care,
E - ter-nal wisdom is their guide, Their help, om - ni - po-tence.
Thro' burning climes they pass un - hurt, And breathe in taint - ed air.

3 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Martyn. 7s, D.



63

*"The Lord also will be a refuge * * * in times of trouble."*—Ps. ix: 9.

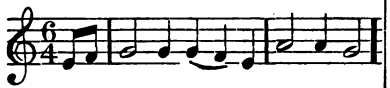
1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide!
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

Retreat. L. M.

64

"Lo, I am with you alway."—Matt. xxviii: 20.

1 O Lord, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

MADAME GUYON.
Tr. by W. COWPER.

65

Tune,—"WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME."

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb. ix: 28.

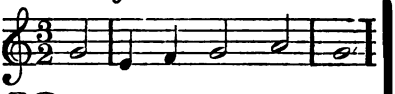
1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Boylston. S. M.

66

"He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye."—Zech. ii: 8.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blessed Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

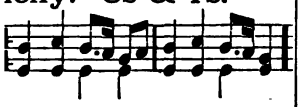
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

DWIGHT.

icily. 8s & 7s.



Lord with thy substance."—Prov. iii: 9.

ıy substance I will honor
ledeemer and my Lord;
en thousand worlds my manor,
rere nothing to his word.

the heralds of salvation
ıbounding grace proclaim,
friends of every station,
ly join to spread his fame.

s kingdom be promoted;
the world the Saviour know;
all to him devoted;
ıy Lord my all I owe.

FRANCIS.

MENDEBRAS," 7s & 6s. (page 99).

hall be one fold, and one shepherd."—John x: 16.

the time approaching,
rophets long foretold,
alf shall dwell together,
shepherd and one fold?
very idol perish,
ıoles and bats be thrown,
ery prayer be offered
od in Christ alone?

ew and Gentile, meeting
ı many a distant shore,
l one altar kneeling,
common Lord adore?
ll that now divides us
ove and pass away,
ıadows of the morning
re the blaze of day?

ll that now unites us
: sweet and lasting prove,
r bond of union,
blest land of love?
'ar be learned no longer,
. strife and tumult cease,
th his blessed kingdom,
Lord and Prince of Peace?

expected dawning,
a with thy cheering ray!

When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

MISS J. BORTHWICK.

69

Tune,—"THE SWEET BY AND BY."

"All nations shall serve him."—Ps. lxxii: 11.

1 While in toil and in weariness here
We are seeking our Lord to obey,
Let us think of the glad days to come,
When the nations shall own his mild sway;
‖: Let us think of the glorious time
When the name of our God shall be known;
When the earth shall be fill'd with his praise
And the whole world shall bow at his throne.:‖

CHO.—In the sweet by and by,
When our Saviour in glory shall reign;
In the sweet by and by,
When our Saviour in glory shall reign.

2 Then thro' Africa's night a bright dawn
Shall all sorrow and darkness dispel;
Then India shall break from her chains,
And be freed from her mythical spell;
‖: Then the Crescent shall yield to the Cross,
Sharon's Rose shall the Lotus replace,
And the Isles of the Sea shall rejoice
In the blessings of pardoning grace.:‖ CHO.

3 Then, when hope to fruition is turned,
When the terrible battle is o'er,
When the swift-rolling years cease to move,
And we all reach that beautiful shore,
‖: We'll sit down at the feast of the Lamb,
With the tribes from the East and the West,
While with saints and with angels we join
In the rapturous song of the blest.:‖ CHO.

4 Then all nations and kindreds and tongues,
Made clean by the blood of the Lamb,—
A great multitude clad in white robes,—
Shall forever give praise to Christ's name,
‖: Crying, "Blessing and Honor and Power
Be unto the Saviour of men;
Thanksgiving and glory to God,
Forever and ever, Amen.":‖ CHO.

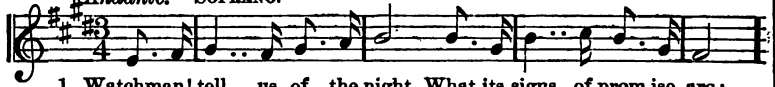
ANNIE B. CHILD.

70 Watchman! Tell us.

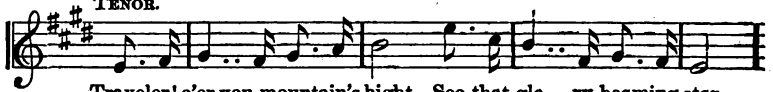
J. BOWRING. DR. LOWELL MASON. By permission.

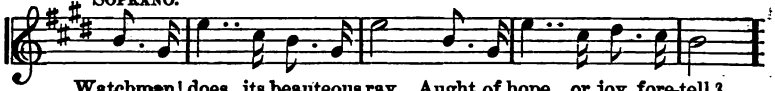
"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. xxi: 11.

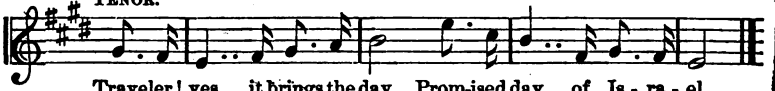
Andante. SOPRANO.



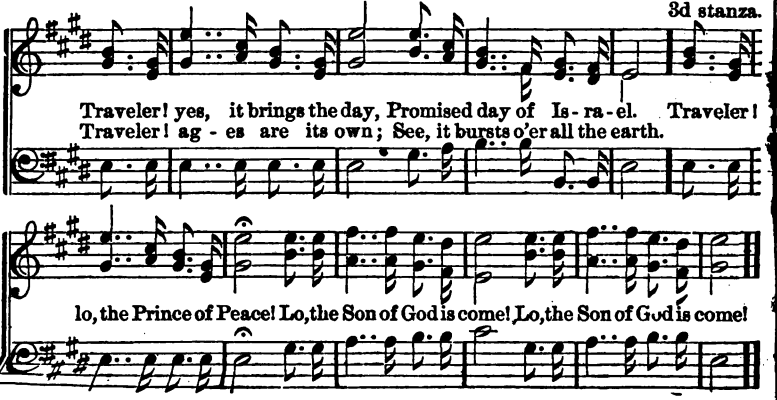
1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are;
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High-er yet the star as-cends;
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn;

TENOR.

Traveler! o'er yon mountain's hight, See that glo - ry beaming star.
Traveler! bless - ed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends.
Traveler! dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn.

SOPRANO.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?
Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home;

TENOR.

Traveler! yes, it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
Traveler! a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Traveler! lo, the Prince of Peace! Lo, the Son of God is come!

CHORUS to 1st and 2nd stanzas. CHORUS to 3d stanza.

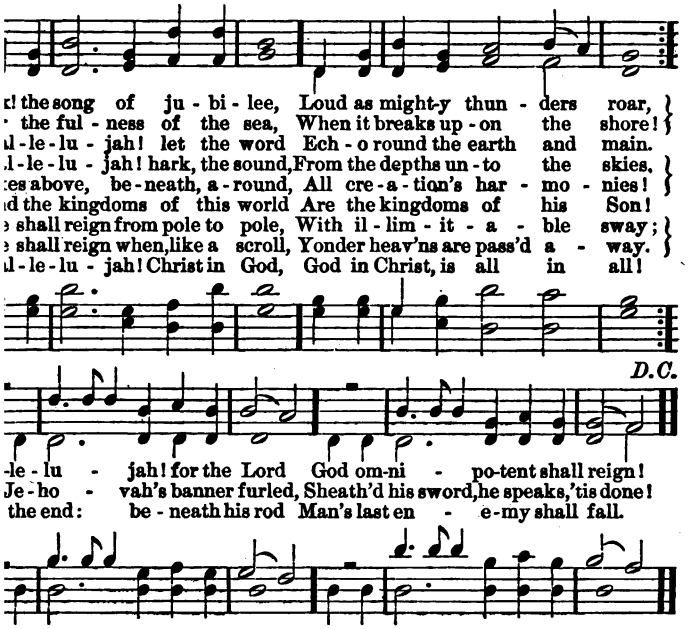


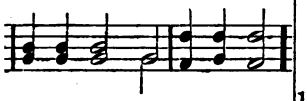
Traveler! yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. Traveler!
Traveler! ag - es are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

lo, the Prince of Peace! Lo, the Son of God is come! Lo, the Son of God is come!

Eltham. 7s, D.

ITGOMERY.

"He shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. xi: 15.

d the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun - ders roar,
the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore!
l - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.
l - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound, From the depths un - to the skies,
es above, be - neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies!
d the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of his Son!
shall reign from pole to pole, With il - lim - it - a - ble sway;
shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns are pass'd a - way.
l - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all!
D.C.
le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om-ni - po-tent shall reign!
Je - ho - vah's banner furled, Sheath'd his sword, he speaks, 'tis done!
the end: be - neath his rod Man's last en - e-my shall fall.

Marlow. C. M.

* * * *hitherto hath the Lord helped us."*
—I Sam. vii: 12.

d, our help in ages past,
ıope for years to come,
elter from the stormy blast,
our eternal home!

:he shadow of thy throne
saints have dwelt secure;
nt is thine arm alone,
our defence is sure.

WATTS.

73

Tune,—"ST. THOMAS." S. M. (See page 43).

"Let the whole earth be filled with his glory."—
Ps. lxxii: 19.

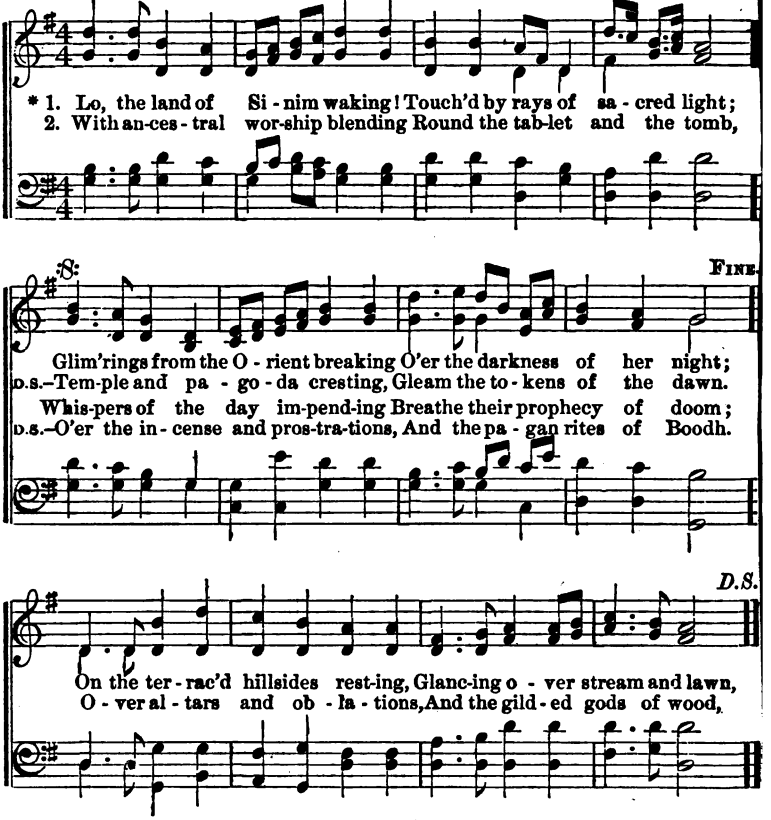
1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word!
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

WATTS.

74 Sinim. 8s & 7s. D.

Rev. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D. D. By permission of Rev. E. HARMON, 1881.

"And these from the land of Sinim."—Is. xlix: 12.

* 1. Lo, the land of Si - nim waking! Touch'd by rays of sa - cred light;
2. With an-ces - tral wor-ship blending Round the tab-let and the tomb,
Glim'rings from the O - rient breaking O'er the darkness of her night;
D.S.–Tem-ple and pa - go - da cresting, Gleam the to - kens of the dawn.
Whis-pers of the day im-pend-ing Breathe their prophecy of doom;
D.S.–O'er the in - cense and pros-tra-tions, And the pa - gan rites of Boodh.
On the ter - rac'd hillsides rest-ing, Glanc-ing o - ver stream and lawn,
O - ver al - tars and ob - la - tions, And the gild - ed gods of wood,
Fine.
D.S.

3 Lo, the faith which cross'd the ocean
Westward with the Pilgrim Band,
Throbbing with unquenched devotion,
Westward crosses now the land;
Rocky ramparts swiftly scaling,
Westward o'er the world's highway,
Now the other ocean hailing,
Fronts the gateway of Cathay!

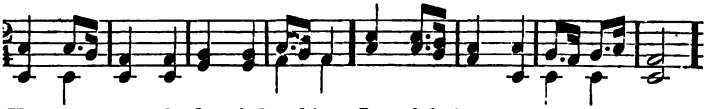
4 Onward still, thy glorious mission,
Westward still thy radiance pour,
Till the prophets' glowing vision
Burst upon the sea and shore;
Till, from ransomed souls rejoicing,
Swells the anthem o'er the seas;
Heaven and earth their gladness voicing,
"Lo, from land of Sinim these!"

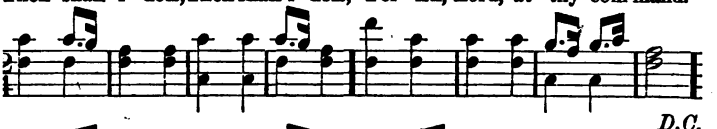
* May be sung to tune "Greenville," opposite page.

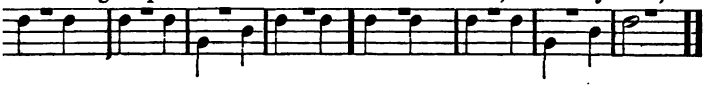
Greenville. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

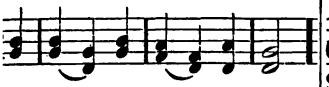
ELLEY.

"The entrance of thy words giveth light."—Ps. cxix: 130.



Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joy - ful times are near at hand;
When he chooses, When he chooses, Dark - ness flies at his com-mand.
While the foe becomes more daring, While he en - ters like a flood,
Ev - ery language, Every language, Soon shall tell the love of God.
God of Ja - cob, high and glorious, Let thy peo - ple see thy hand;
Then shall i - dols, Then shall i - dols, Per - ish, Lord, at thy com-mand.

D.C.

God, the might-y God, is speaking, By his word, in ev - ery land;
God, the Sa-viour, is pre - par-ing Means to spread his truth abroad;
Let the gos - pel be vic - to-rious Thro' the world, in ev - ery land;

Dennis. S. M.



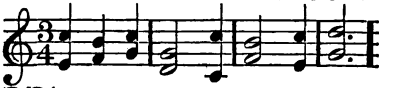
"A glorious church."—Eph. v: 27.

down the ages now,
uch of her journey done,
pilgrim church pursues her way,
ntil her crown be won.

story of the past
)mes up before her view;
' well it seems to suit her still—
d, and yet ever new!

faithful to our God,
nd to our Captain true,
follow where he leads the way,
he kingdom in our view.

BONAR.

Mendon. L. M. (See page 5.)

"Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. v: 14.

1 Though now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship Thee.

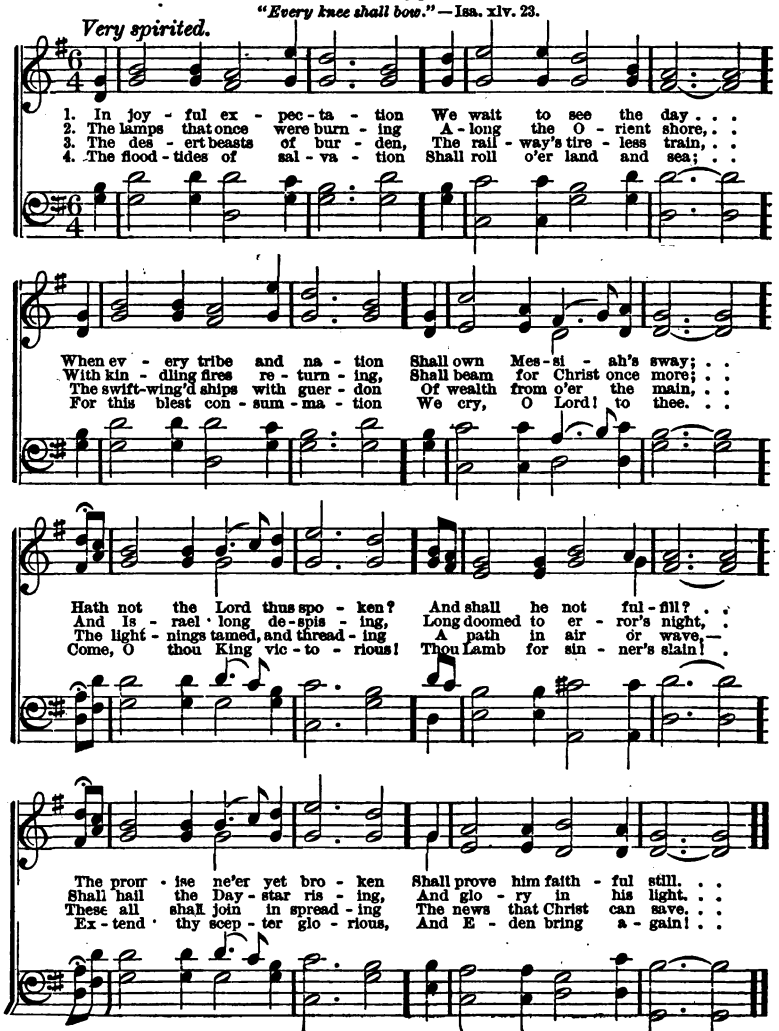
3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

L. BACON.

78 Missionary Watchword. 7s & 6s.

E. H. By permission of Rev. ELIJAH HARMON. 1879.

"*Every knee shall bow.*"—Isa. xlv. 23.

Very spirited.

1. In joy - ful ex - pec - ta - tion We wait to see the day . . .
2. The lamps that once were burn - ing A - long the O - rient shore, . .
3. The des - ert beasts of bur - den, The rail - way's tire - less train, . .
4. The flood - tides of sal - va - tion Shall roll o'er land and sea; . .
When ev - ery tribe and na - tion Shall own Mes - si - ah's sway; . .
With kin - dling fires re - turn - ing, Shall beam for Christ once more; . .
The swift-wing'd ships with guer - don Of wealth from o'er the main, . .
For this blest con - sum - ma - tion We cry, O Lord! to thee. . .
Hath not the Lord thus spo - ken? And shall he not ful - fill? . .
And Is - rael long de - spis - ing, Long doomed to er - ror's night, . .
The light - nings tamed, and thread - ing A path in air or wave,—
Come, O thou King vic - to - rious! Thou Lamb for sin - ner's slain! . .
The pron - ise ne'er yet bro - ken Shall prove him faith - ful still. . .
Shall hail the Day - star ris - ing, And glo - ry in his light. . .
These all shall join in spread - ing The news that Christ can save. . .
Ex - tend thy scep - ter glo - rious, And E - den bring a - gain! . .

MISSIONARY WATCHWORD." 7s & 6s.

s to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."—Ps. lxxii: 8.

rhole wide world for Jesus!
:e more before we part,
out the joyful watchword,
m every grateful heart;
rhole wide world for Jesus!
this our battle cry;
rucified shall conquer,
l victory is nigh.

rhole wide world for Jesus!
m out the Golden Gate,
gh all the South Sea islands,
China's princely state;
India's vales and mountains,
ough Persia's land of bloom,
ried Palestina,
l Afric's desert gloom.

rhole wide world for Jesus!
hearts and homes and thrones,
ut again the watchword,
oud and joyous tones;
rhole wide world for Jesus!
h prayer the song we'll wing,
peed the prayer with labor,
earth shall crown him King.

K. H. J. 1873.

" MISSIONARY HYMN " (page 11).

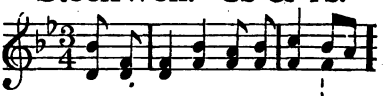
te day breaketh."—Gen. xxxii: 26.

Stamboul's towers are gleaming,
h crescent lifted high,
ross of Christ is beaming,
id the eastern sky;
'ersia's lake is rising
bright and morning Star
1, in their hearts adoring,
ie wise men" saw afar.

Afric's sand, sweet fountains
iving freshness flow;
dia's plain and mountains,
tree of life doth grow;
hina too is coming,
's mercy to adore,
eauteous isles are shouting,
is forevermore!

NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

Stockwell. 8s & 7s.



81

"I am with you alway."—Matt. xxviii: 20.

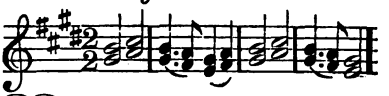
1 Always with us, always with us,—
Words of cheer and words of love,
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

NEVIN.

Sicily. 8s & 7s.

82

"Let mount Zion rejoice."—Ps. xlviii: 11.

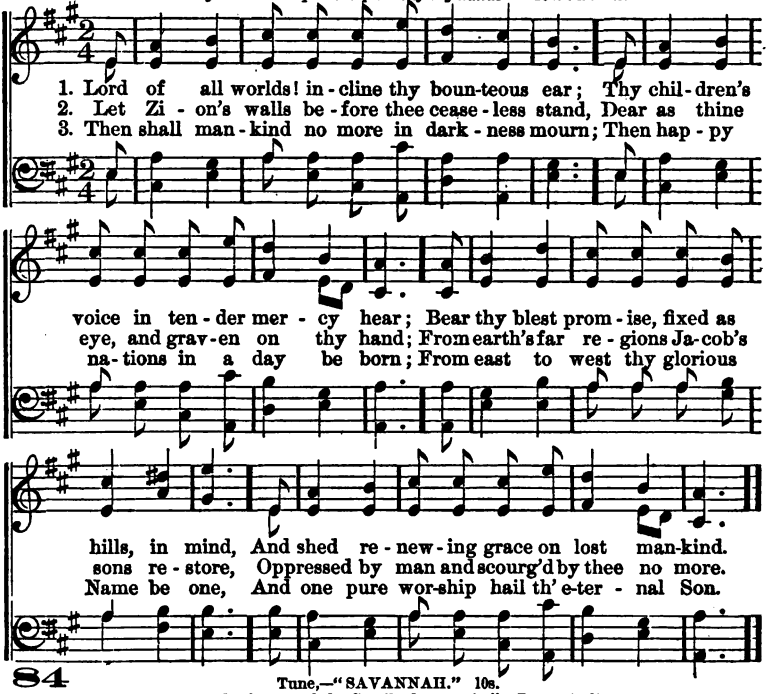
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

NEWTON.

83 Savannah. 10s.

DWIGHT. *"I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands."*—Isa. xlix: 16. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Lord of all worlds! in-cline thy boun-teous ear; Thy chil-dren's
2. Let Zi-on's walls be-fore thee cease-less stand, Dear as thine
3. Then shall man-kind no more in dark-ness mourn; Then hap-py
voice in ten-der mer-cy hear; Bear thy blest prom-ise, fixed as
eye, and grav-en on thy hand; From earth's far re-gions Ja-cob's
na-tions in a day be born; From east to west thy glorious
hills, in mind, And shed re-new-ing grace on lost man-kind.
sons re-store, Oppressed by man and scourg'd by thee no more.
Name be one, And one pure wor-ship hail th' e-ter-nal Son.

84

Tune,—"SAVANNAH." 10s.

"Until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."—Rom. xi: 25.

1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

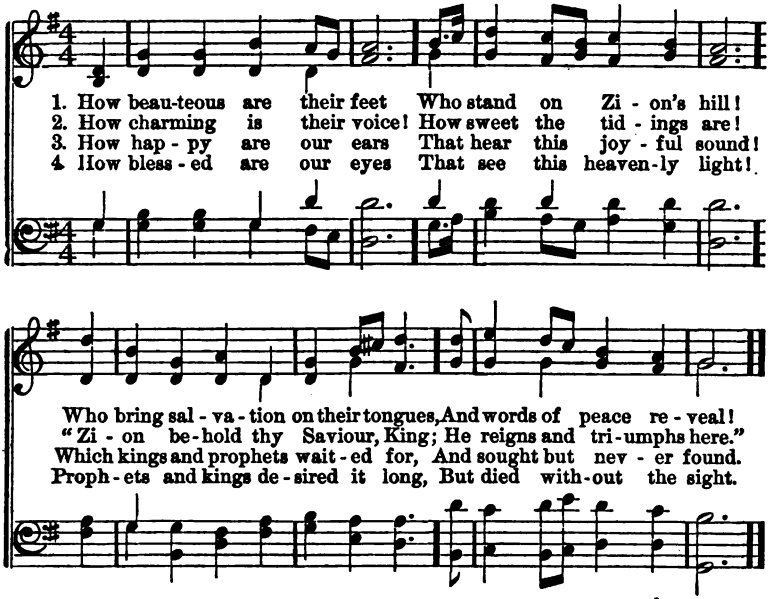
4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

ALEX. POPE. *Ab. and alt.*

85 St. Thomas. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."—Isa. lii: 7.

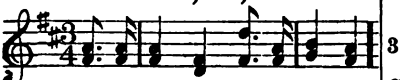

1. How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill!
2. How charming is their voice! How sweet the tid - ings are!
3. How hap - py are our ears That hear this joy - ful sound!
4. How bless - ed are our eyes That see this heaven-ly light!
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
"Zi - on be-hold thy Saviour, King; He reigns and tri-umphs here."
Which kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought but nev - er found.
Proph - ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with-out the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

Zion. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



86

"Zion, thy God reigneth."—Isa. lii: 7.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall lose thy bands.

2 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

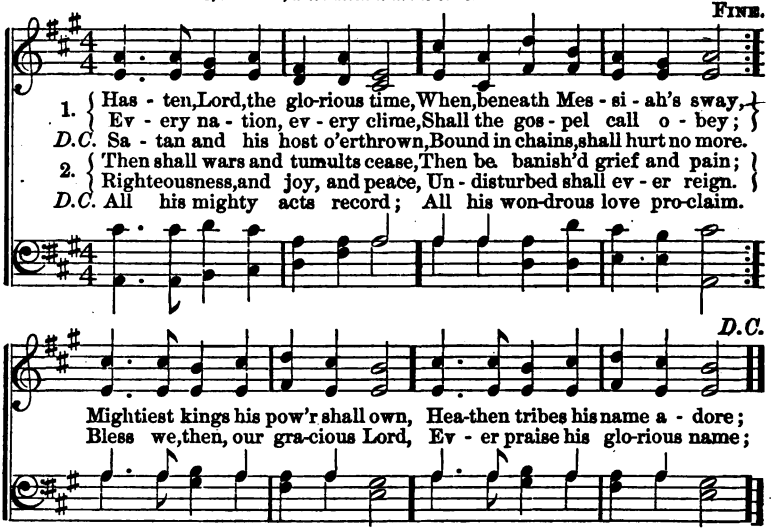
3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

87 Spanish Hymn. 7s, D.

MISS HARRIET AUBER.

"I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time."—Isa. lx: 22.


FINE.
1. Has - ten, Lord, the glo-rious time, When, beneath Mes - si - ah's sway,
Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey;
D.C. Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Un - disturbed shall ev - er reign.
D.C. All his mighty acts record; All his won-drous love pro-claim.
D.C.
Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Hea-then tribes his name a - dore;
Bless we, then, our gra-cious Lord, Ev - er praise his glo-rious name;

88

Tune,—"SPANISH HYMN."

"Give place to me that I may dwell."—Isa. xlix: 20.

1 "Give us room that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud;
See their numbers how they swell,
How they gather like a cloud!
Oh, how bright the morning seems,
Brighter, from so dark a night!
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

2 Lo! thy sun goes down no more;
God Himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before,
Buried lies in endless night.
Zion, now arise and shine,
Lo! thy Light from heaven is come;
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

KELLEY.

89

Tune,—"ZION" (page 15).

"O fountain opened."—Zech. xiii: 1.

1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below!
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

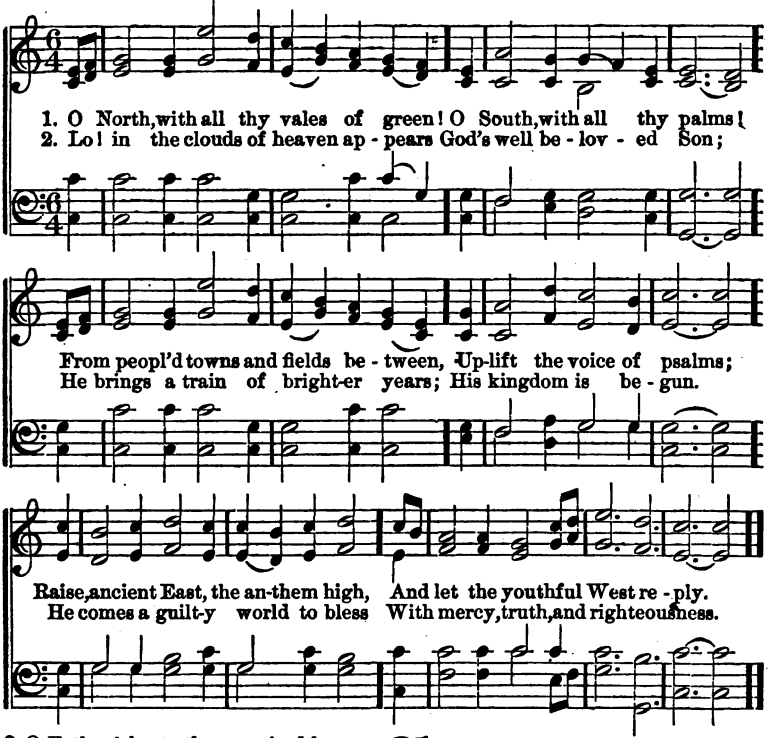
2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life and health and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day!

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Lo! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

KELLY.

90 Hastings. C. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1832.

"See the Son of man coming in the clouds."—Mark xiii: 26.

1. O North, with all thy vales of green! O South, with all thy palms!
2. Lo! in the clouds of heaven ap - pears God's well be - lov - ed Son;
From peopl'd towns and fields be - tween, Up-lift the voice of psalms;
He brings a train of bright-er years; His kingdom is be - gun.
Raise, ancient East, the an-them high, And let the youthful West re - ply.
He comes a guilt-y world to bless With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father! haste the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

4 When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And he who conquered Death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

91

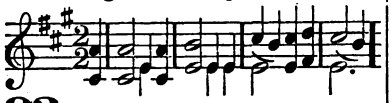
Tune,—"ST. THOMAS" (page 43).

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. cxxvi: 5.

1 The harvest dawn is near;
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes;
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

BURGESS.

Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

92

"I will never leave nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii: 5.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid!
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

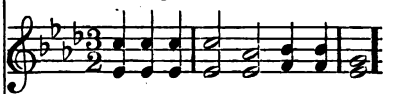
4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—*I will not* desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

KIRKHAM.

Missionary Chant. L. M.



93

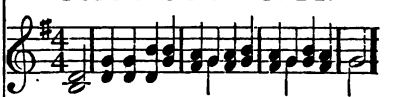
"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord."—Rev. xi: 15.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign.

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

MRS. VOKE.

Coronation. C. M.

94

"He is Lord of all."—Acts x: 36.

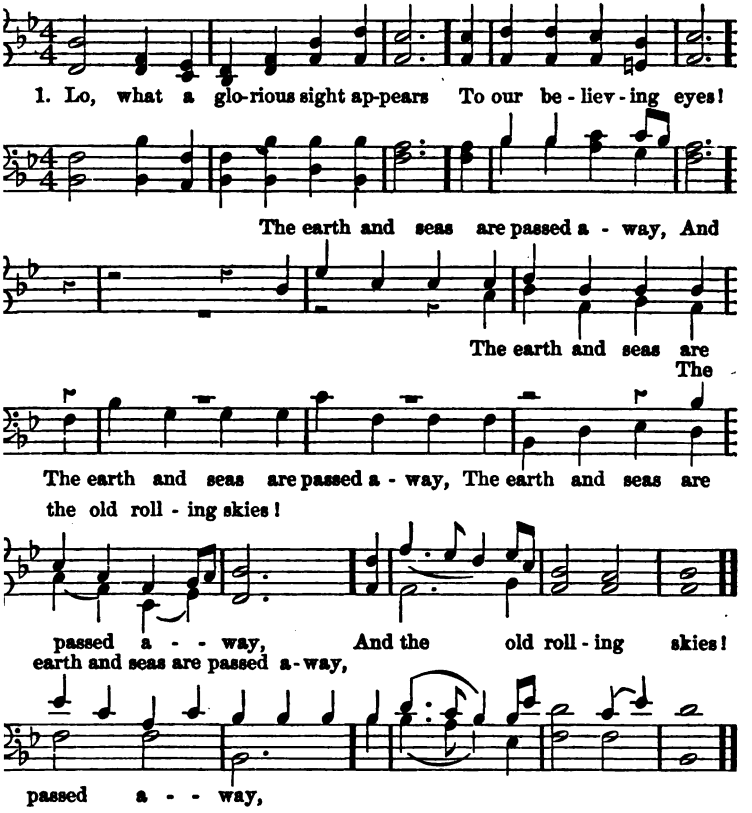
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

PERRONETT.

95 Northfield. C. M.

"Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. xxi: 5.

1. Lo, what a glo-rious sight ap-pears To our be - liev - ing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed a - way, And
The earth and seas are
The
The earth and seas are passed a - way, The earth and seas are
the old roll - ing skies!
passed a - - way, And the old roll - ing skies!
earth and seas are passed a - way,
passed a - - way,

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy, place,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorned with shining grace.

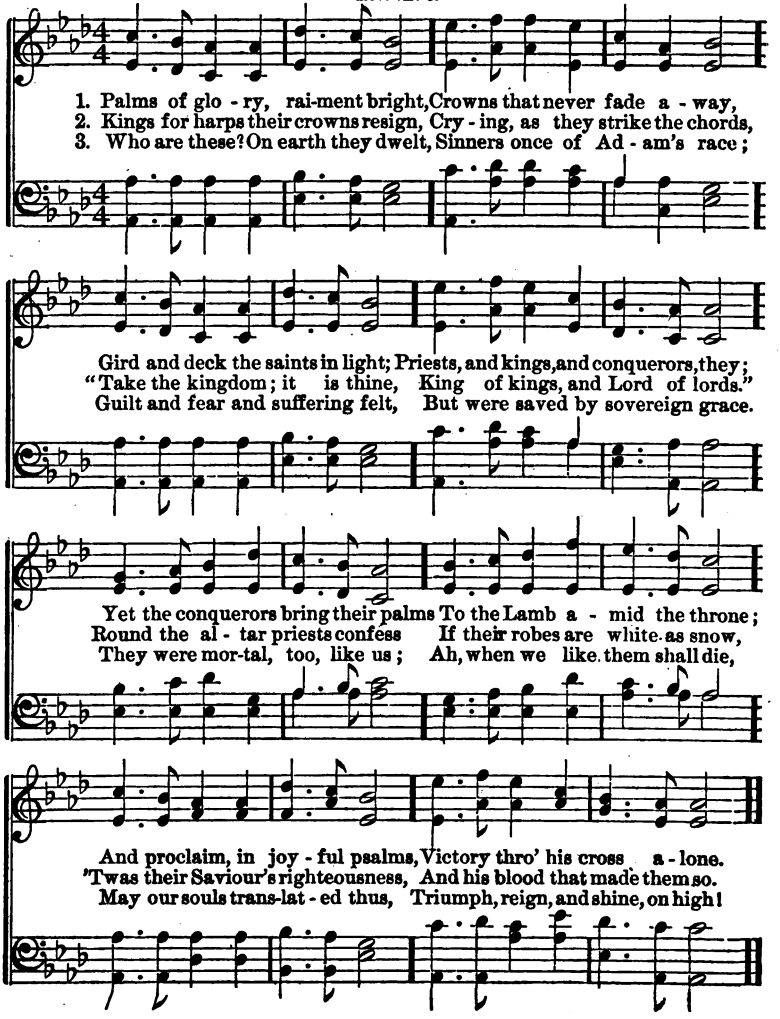
The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode,—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

4 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears,
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die.

5 How long, dear Saviour, oh! how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

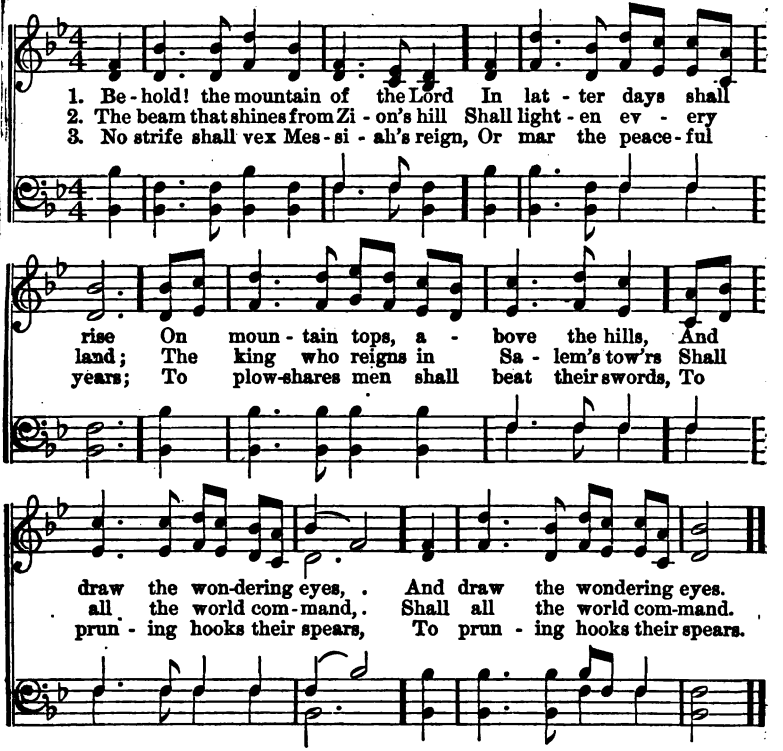
96 Messiah. 7s, D.

MONTGOMERY.

*"A great multitude * * * before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."*
— Rev. vii: 9.

1. Palms of glo - ry, rai-ment bright, Crowns that never fade a - way,
2. Kings for harps their crowns resign, Cry - ing, as they strike the chords,
3. Who are these? On earth they dwelt, Sinners once of Ad - am's race;
Gird and deck the saints in light; Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they;
"Take the kingdom; it is thine, King of kings, and Lord of lords."
Guilt and fear and suffering felt, But were saved by sovereign grace.
Yet the conquerors bring their palms To the Lamb a - mid the throne;
Round the al - tar priests confess If their robes are white as snow,
They were mor-tal, too, like us; Ah, when we like them shall die,
And proclaim, in joy - ful psalms, Victory thro' his cross a - lone.
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness, And his blood that made them so.
May our souls trans-lat - ed thus, Triumph, reign, and shine, on high!

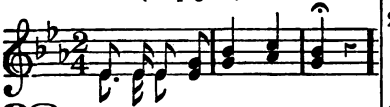
97 Rhine. C. M.

M. BRUCE.

*"In the last days * * * the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established * * * and all nations shall flow unto it."*—Isa. ii: 2.

1. Be-hold! the mountain of the Lord In lat-ter days shall rise On moun-tain tops, a-bove the hills, And draw the won-dering eyes, And draw the wondering eyes.
2. The beam that shines from Zi-on's hill Shall light-en ev-ery land; The king who reigns in Sa-lem's tow'rs Shall all the world com-mand, Shall all the world com-mand.
3. No strife shall vex Mes-si-ah's reign, Or mar the peace-ful years; To plow-shares men shall beat their swords, To prun-ing hooks their spears, To prun-ing hooks their spears.

Telemann's Chant. 7s.

(See page 21.)



98

"The King of kings, and Lord of lords."—I Tim. vi: 15.

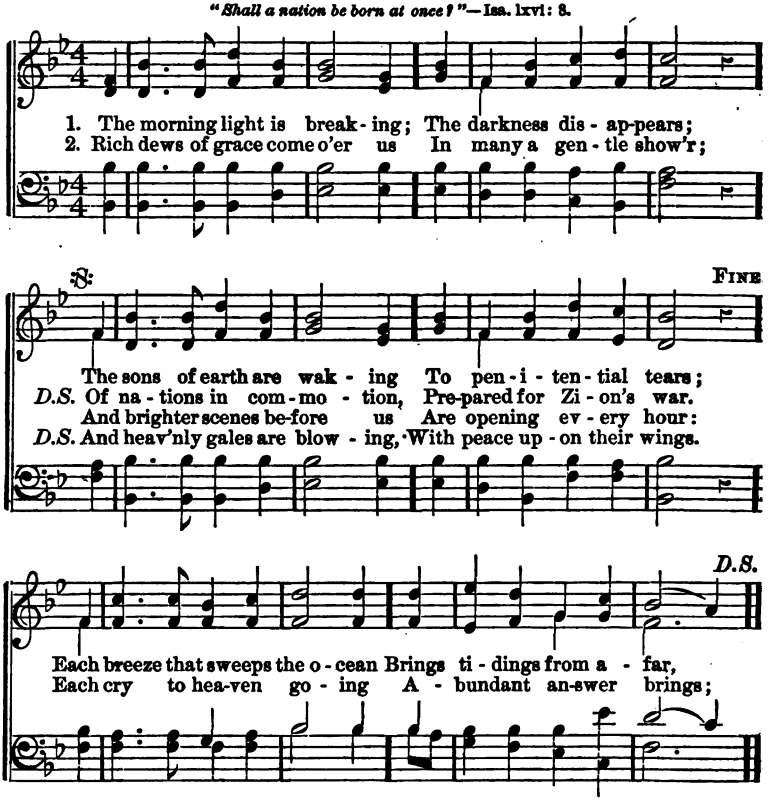
1 Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your king;
Let it sound from shore to shore,—
"Jesus reigns forevermore."

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

BACON.

99 Webb. 7s & 6s, D.

"Shall a nation be born at once?"—Isa. lxvi: 8.

1. The morning light is break - ing; The darkness dis - ap-pears;
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
D.S. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
And brighter scenes be-fore us Are opening ev - ery hour:
D.S. And heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
Each cry to hea-ven go - ing A - bundant an-swer brings;
Fine
D.S.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day

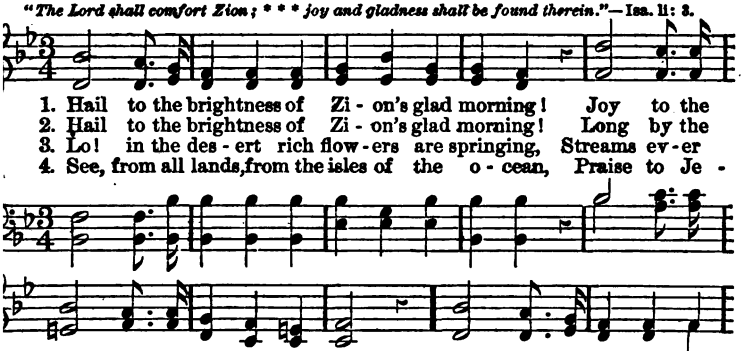
4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. Smith.

00 Wesley. 11s & 10s.

HASTINGS. DR. MASON. 1830.

*"The Lord shall comfort Zion; * * * joy and gladness shall be found therein."*—Isa. li: 3.


1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are springing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je -
lands that in darkness have lain! Hush'd be the ac-cents of
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the millions from
co - pious are glid-ing a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops
ho - vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of
sor - row and mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph begins her mild reign.
bond-age re-turn-ing! Gen - tiles and Jews, the blest vis-ion be-hold.
ech-oes are ring-ing; Wastes rise in verd - ure and mingle in song.
war and com-mo - tion; Shouts of sal - va - tion are rending the sky.

01

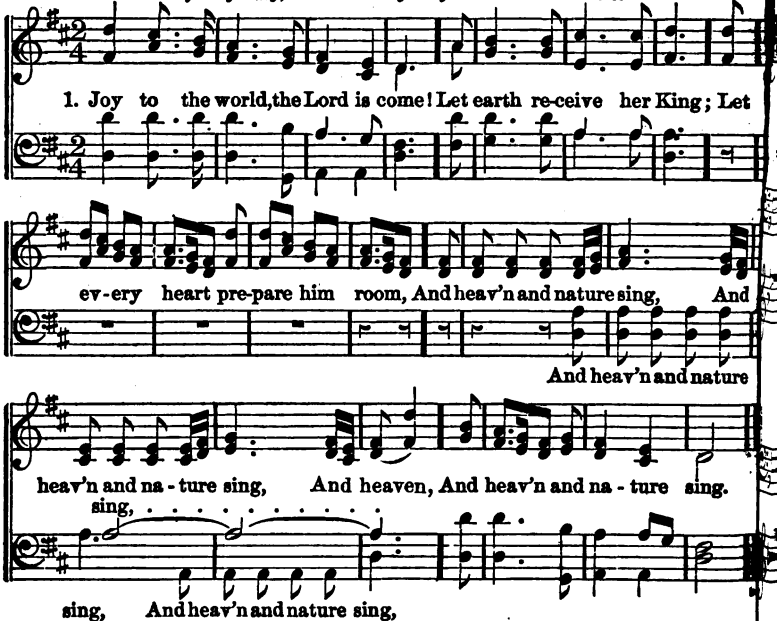
Tune,—"WESLEY." 11s & 10s.

1 Isles of the South! your redemption is nearing;
Lift, with the waves, the glad song of the free!
Lo! your Deliverer, in triumph appearing,
Conqueror comes o'er the land and the sea.

2 Loud from the tops of the mountains sing praises!
Valleys resound with the echoing strain!
Mighty in war—he the standard upraises!
Glorious in peace—he advances to reign.

REV. C. S. ROBINSON.

102 Antioch. C. M.

*"Rejoice greatly, * * * behold thy King cometh."*—Zech. ix: 9.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
ev-ery heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and nature
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heaven, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
sing,
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the worlds with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. WATTS.

103 Tune,—"ANTIOCH." C. M.

"Make a joyful noise."—Ps. xcviii: 4.

1 *Mortals,* awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

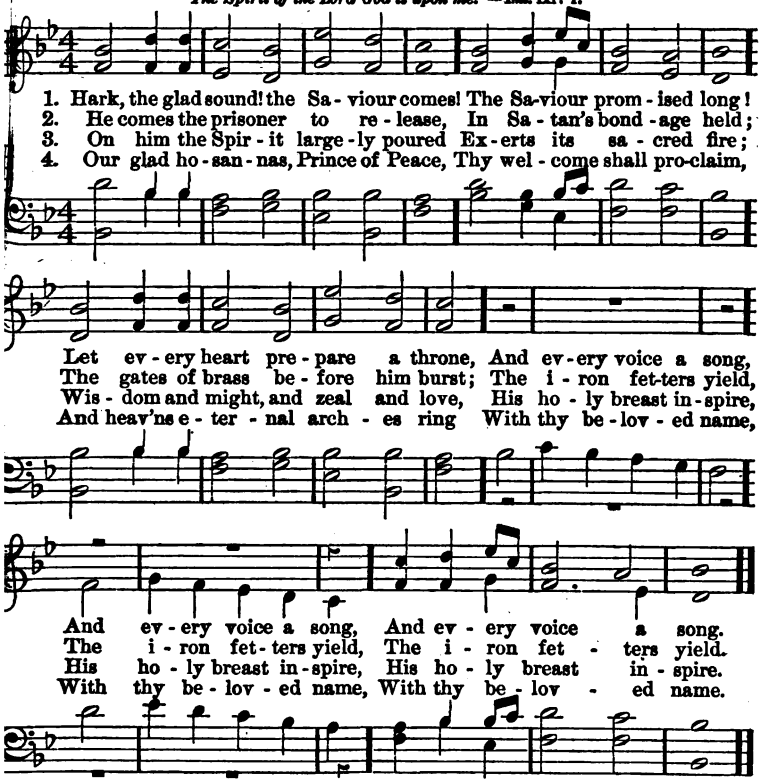
3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die!"

104 Cambridge. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me."—Isa. lxi: 1.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sa - viour comes! The Sa-viour prom - ised long!
2. He comes the prisoner to re - lease, In Sa - tan's bond - age held;
3. On him the Spir - it large - ly poured Ex - erts its sa - cred fire;
4. Our glad ho - san - nas, Prince of Peace, Thy wel - come shall pro-claim,
Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song,
The gates of brass be - fore him burst; The i - ron fet-ters yield,
Wis - dom and might, and zeal and love, His ho - ly breast in - spire,
And heav'ns e - ter - nal arch - es ring With thy be - lov - ed name,
And ev - ery voice a song, And ev - ery voice a song.
The i - ron fet - ters yield, The i - ron fet - ters yield.
His ho - ly breast in - spire, His ho - ly breast in - spire.
With thy be - lov - ed name, With thy be - lov - ed name.

105 Tune,—"CAMBRIDGE." C. M.

Awake, put on thy strength, O Zion!"—Isa. lii: 1.

Daughter of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust:
He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

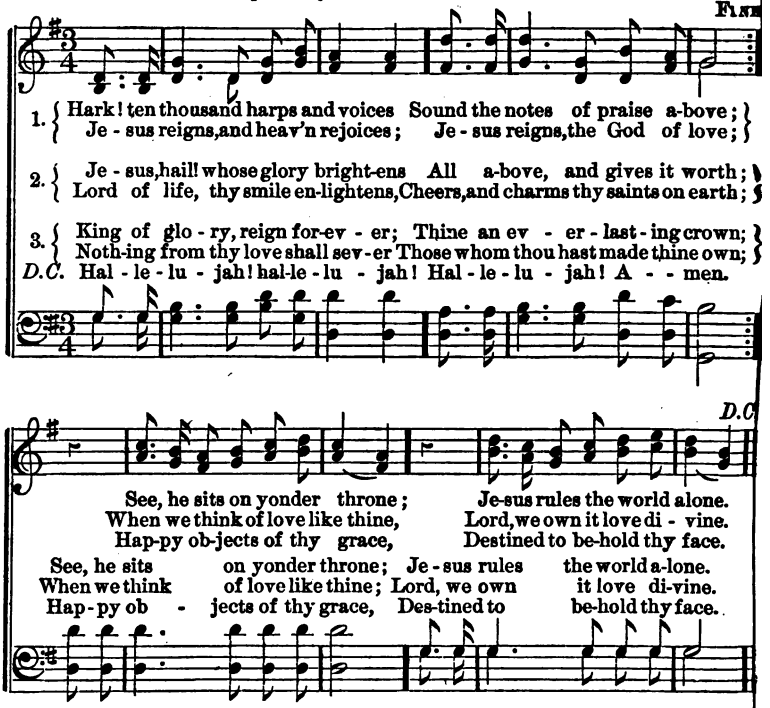
3 They come! they come! thine exiled bands
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

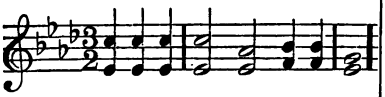
4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

MONTGOMERY.

106 Harwell. 8s & 7s.

KELLEY.

"All power is given unto me."—Matt. xxviii: 18.

Fine
1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a-bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory bright-ens All a-bove, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile en-lightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
3. King of glo - ry, reign for-ev - er; Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
Noth-ing from thy love shall sev-er Those whom thou hast made thine own;
D.C. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men.
D.C.
See, he sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world alone.
When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hap-py ob-jects of thy grace, Destined to be-hold thy face.
See, he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world a-lone.
When we think of love like thine; Lord, we own it love di-vine.
Hap-py ob - jects of thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold thy face.

Missionary Chant. L. M.

107

"They shall fear thee so long as the sun and moon endure."—Ps. lxxii: 5.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

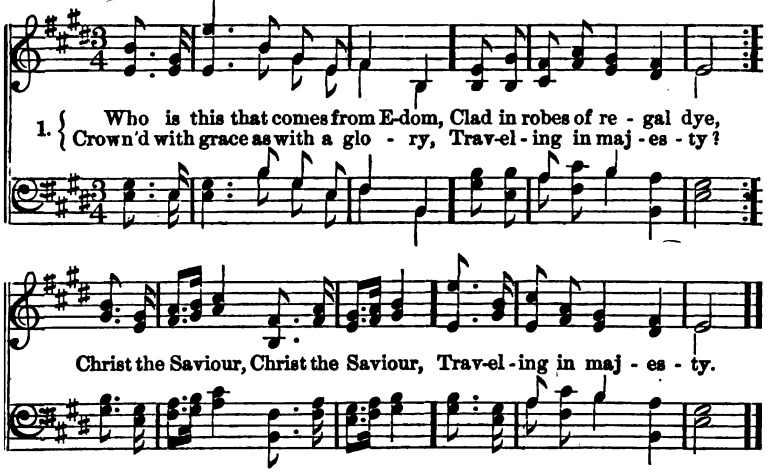
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

WATTS.

108 Tamworth. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

"I that speak in righteousness mighty to save."—Isa. lxiii: 1.

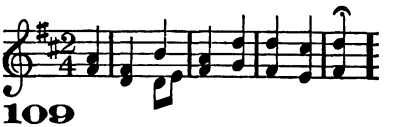

1. Who is this that comes from E-dom, Clad in robes of re - gal dye,
Crown'd with grace as with a glo - ry, Trav-el - ing in maj - es - ty?
Christ the Saviour, Christ the Saviour, Trav-el - ing in maj - es - ty.

2 Nations vast that sit in darkness,
Lift their eyes to hail the light,
Making glad death's midnight shadows
With a radiance warm and bright.
How the nations
Rise to hail the heavenly light!

3 Sing, O watchman on the mountains!
Hail the day-star from on high!
Hark! the silent valleys listen,
As his chariot draweth nigh.
Hear the echo,
As his chariot draweth nigh.

Speed, O Lord, thy promised kingdom!
Win the earth to love of thee,
And all honor, praise, and blessing,
Be thine own, eternally.
Praise and blessing,
Be thine own, eternally.

R. P. R.

St. Ann's. C. M.

109

1 O, City of the Lord! begin
The universal song,
And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.

2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock,
With accent rude, rejoice.

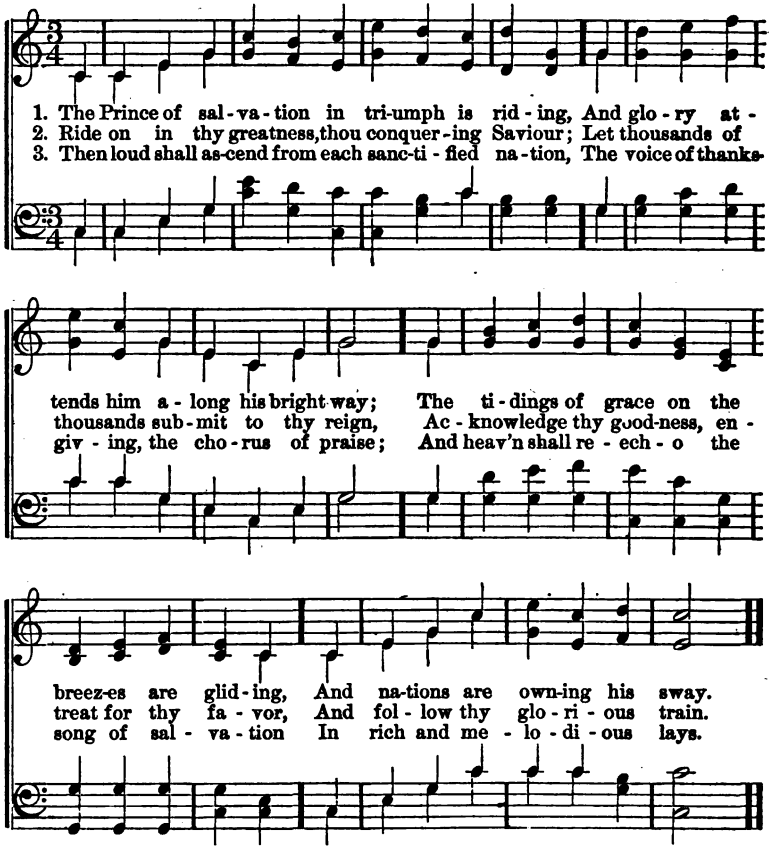
3 Oh! from the streams of distant lands,
Unto Jehovah sing;
And joyful from the mountain-tops
Shout to the Lord, the King.

4 Let all combined, with one accord,
The Saviour's glories raise
Till, in the earth's remotest bounds,
The nations sound his praise.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

110 Burlington. 12s, 11s, & 8s.

REV. S. F. SMITH. HANS GEORG NAGELI. Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

"In thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. xlv: 4.

1. The Prince of sal-va-tion in tri-umph is rid-ing, And glo-ry at-
2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquer-ing Saviour; Let thousands of
3. Then loud shall as-cend from each sanc-ti-fied na-tion, The voice of thanks-
tends him a-long his bright way; The ti-dings of grace on the
thousands sub-mit to thy reign, Ac-knowledge thy good-ness, en-
giv-ing, the cho-rus of praise; And heav'n shall re-ech-o the
breez-es are glid-ing, And na-tions are own-ing his sway.
treat for thy fa-vor, And fol-low thy glo-ri-ous train.
song of sal-va-tion In rich and me-lo-di-ous lays.

111

Tune,—"NORTHFIELD." C. M. (See page 47.)

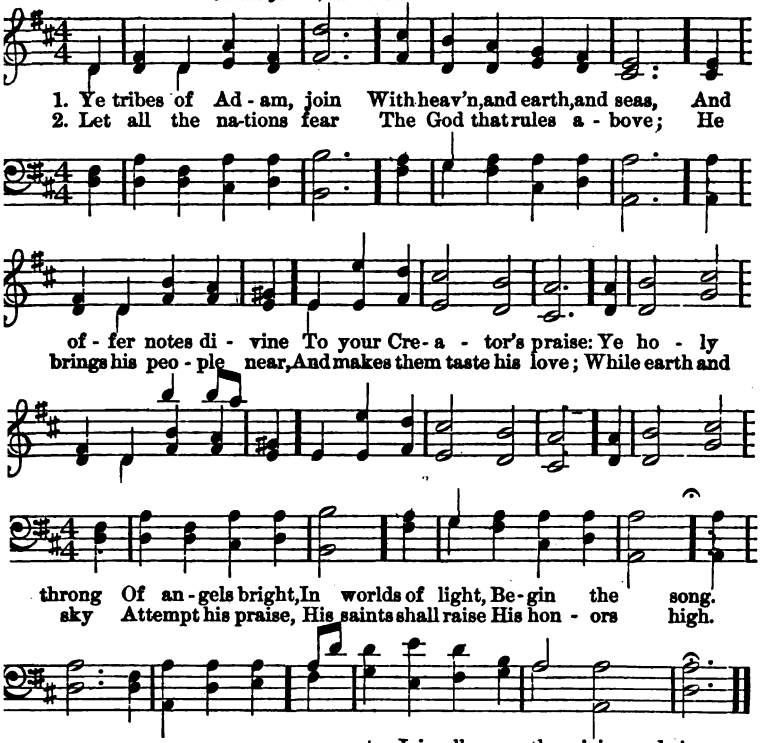
*"To him * * * be glory forever."*—Rom. xi: 36.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

112 Darwell. H. M.

REV. J. DARWELL.

"Praise ye him, all his hosts."—Ps. cxlviii: 2.

1. Ye tribes of Ad - am, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And
2. Let all the na-tions fear The God that rules a - bove; He
of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise: Ye ho - ly
brings his peo - ple near, And makes them taste his love; While earth and
throng Of an - gels bright, In worlds of light, Be - gin the song.
sky Attempt his praise, His saints shall raise His hon - ors high.

113

Tune,—"DARWELL." H. M.

"God is gone up with a shout."—Ps. xlvii: 5.

1 God is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise,—
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth, renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

114

Tune,—"TAMWORTH." 8s, 7s, & 4s (page 55).

"He will reprove the world."—John xvi: 8.

1 Who but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but, till thou favor,
Heathens still will be the same:
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thy aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that thou hast said;
Gracious Spirit,
O'er the world thy influence shed.

WINCHELL'S SEL.

115

Tune,—"GREENVILLE." 8s, 7s, & 4s (

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most . with thy glory and thy majesty."—Ps.:

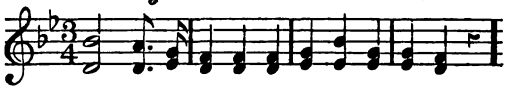
1 Gird thy sword on, mighty Sav
Make the word of truth thy
Prosper in thy course triumph
All success attend thy war:
Gracious Victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar

2 Majesty combines with meekn
Righteousness and peace uni
To insure thy blessed conquest
Take possession of thy right
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest li

3 Blest are they that touch thy s
Blest are all that own thy re
Freed from sin, that worst of t
Rescued from its galling cha
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy

RYL

Wesley. 11s & 10s. (See page 51.)

116

*"Sing, O daughter of Zion! * * * be glad and rejoice with all the heart."*—Zeph. iii: 1

1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

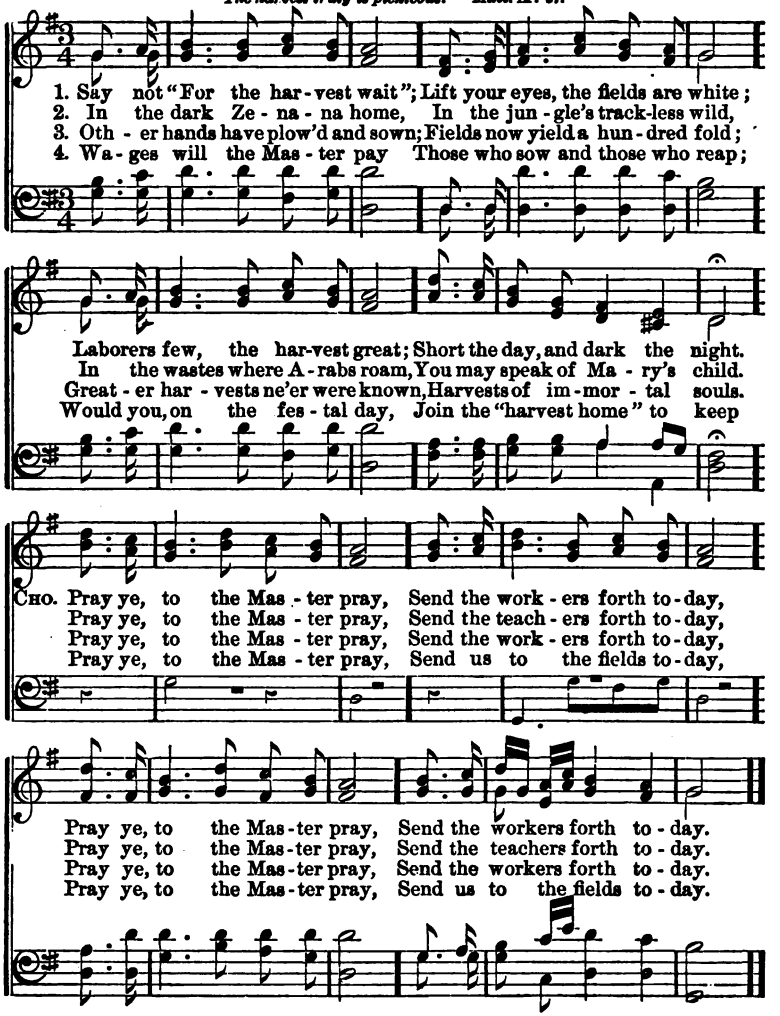
2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

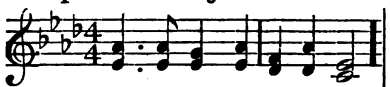
3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

FITZGERALD'S

117 Sabbath. 7s, 6l.

ANNA M. KENNARD. *Alt.*

"The harvest truly is plenteous."—Matt. ix: 37.

1. Say not "For the har-vest wait"; Lift your eyes, the fields are white;
2. In the dark Ze-na-na home, In the jun-gle's track-less wild,
3. Oth-er hands have plow'd and sown; Fields now yield a hun-dred fold;
4. Wa-ges will the Mas-ter pay Those who sow and those who reap;
Laborers few, the har-vest great; Short the day, and dark the night.
In the wastes where A-rabs roam, You may speak of Ma-ry's child.
Great-er har-vests ne'er were known, Harvests of im-mor-tal souls.
Would you, on the fes-tal day, Join the "harvest home" to keep
Cho. Pray ye, to the Mas-ter pray, Send the work-ers forth to-day,
Pray ye, to the Mas-ter pray, Send the teach-ers forth to-day,
Pray ye, to the Mas-ter pray, Send the work-ers forth to-day,
Pray ye, to the Mas-ter pray, Send us to the fields to-day,
Pray ye, to the Mas-ter pray, Send the workers forth to-day.
Pray ye, to the Mas-ter pray, Send the teachers forth to-day.
Pray ye, to the Mas-ter pray, Send the workers forth to-day.
Pray ye, to the Mas-ter pray, Send us to the fields to-day.

Spanish Hymn. 7s

118

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us." —Acts xvi: 9.

1 From our sisters comes the wail,
"Give us light: our idols fail!
Help us bury in the dust,
Hoary fanes in which we trust!
Give us light!" thus, ceaselessly,
Call they o'er the Bengal sea;
Cry they, too, from Turkey's strand,
And from Afric's darkened land.

2 By the sufferings Christ hath borne,
By the Holy Father's frown
Cast on him for thy sins' sake,
Christian sister, offerings make;
Speed the story of the cross;
For Christ's sake, count all things loss;
Be thou faithful, toil and pray,
Till earth's kingdom own his sway.

E. C. P.

119

Tune,—"TRUSTING JESUS."

"She hath done what she could."—Mark xiv: 8.

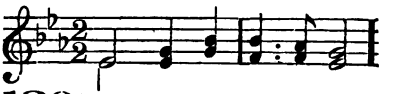
1 In the wondrous times of old,
God, his purpose grand and true,
Did to woman oft unfold,
Bidding her his will to do.

Cho.—Ringing thro' this Christian land
Comes to woman now the word,
"Teach the nations!"—great command
Of our glorious, risen Lord.

2 Though but weak our hands, and small,
Though but humble be our lot,
Still to each the clarion call
God is sounding, "Falter not!" Cho.

3 Trusting him whose mighty power
Makes us strong to do and dare,
Seize we now the present hour,
In the work our part to bear. Cho.

ABBIE B. CHILD.

Olivet 6s & 4s.

120

"Upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit."—Joel ii: 29.

1 Light for the Gentiles! Light!
On those in deepest night,
Let light arise!
O Sun of Righteousness!
Send thy bright beams to bless;
Pity their helplessness;
Open their eyes.

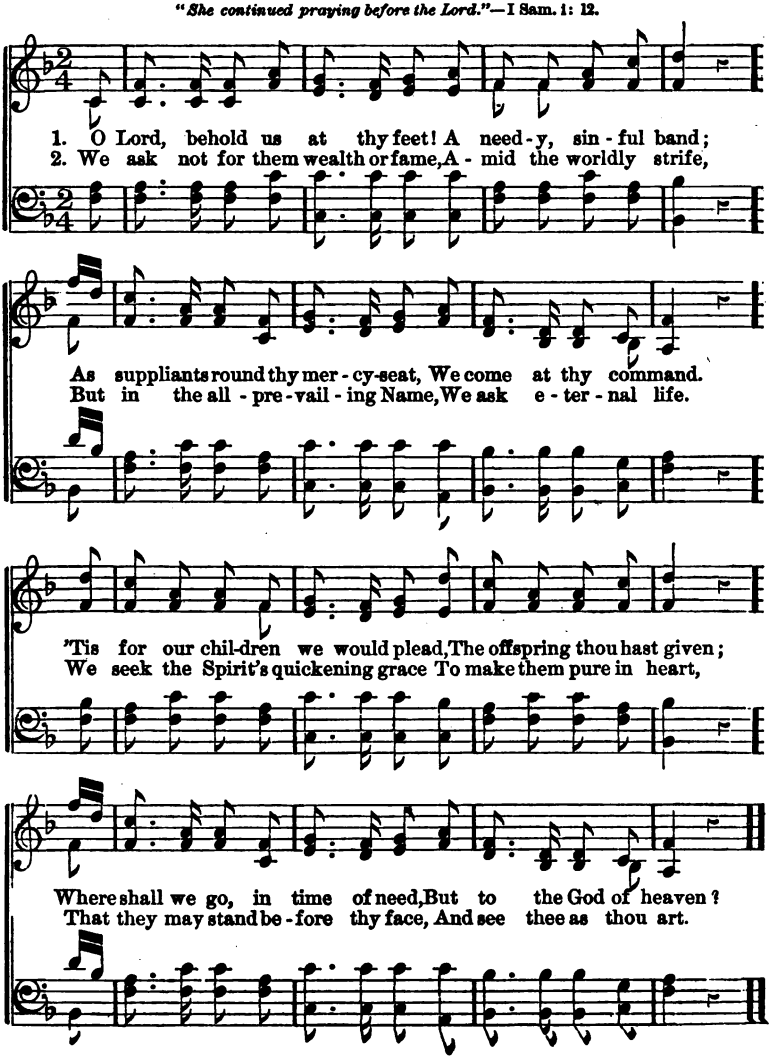
2 For heathen women, light!
On whom sin's deadly blight
Hopelessly lies:
From dark Zenana halls,
In Afric's loathsome kraals,
'Mid Turkish harem walls,
Hear their sad cries.

3 Light for the nations! Light!
Rise in thy glorious might,
Saviour divine:
Unloose sin's icy bands;
Lift up the feeble hands;
Soon may the heathen lands
Be wholly thine!

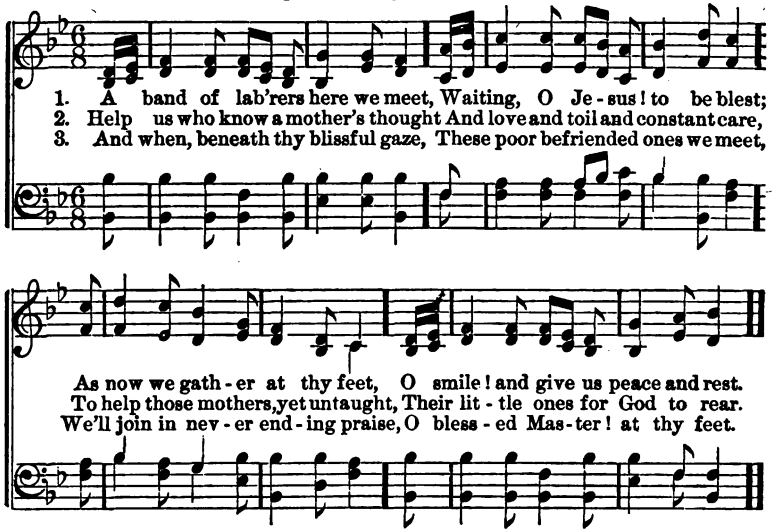
4 Light for thy handmaids! Light!
All weakness in thy sight
We come to-day.
Gathered from far and near,
Give us the listening ear,
Thy guiding voice to hear—
Hear and obey.

ABBIE B. CHILD.

121 Auld Lang Syne. C. M. D.

"She continued praying before the Lord."—I Sam. 1: 12.

1. O Lord, behold us at thy feet! A need-y, sin-ful band;
2. We ask not for them wealth or fame, A-mid the worldly strife,
As suppliants round thy mer-cy-seat, We come at thy command.
But in the all-pre-vail-ing Name, We ask e-ter-nal life.
'Tis for our chil-dren we would plead, The offspring thou hast given;
We seek the Spirit's quickening grace To make them pure in heart,
Where shall we go, in time of need, But to the God of heaven?
That they may stand be-fore thy face, And see thee as thou art.

122 Retreat. L. M.

"She went up to the house of the Lord."—I Sam. 1: 7.

1. A band of lab'rers here we meet, Waiting, O Je - sus! to be blest;
2. Help us who know a mother's thought And love and toil and constant care,
3. And when, beneath thy blissful gaze, These poor befriended ones we meet,
As now we gath - er at thy feet, O smile! and give us peace and rest.
To help those mothers, yet untaught, Their lit - tle ones for God to rear.
We'll join in nev - er end - ing praise, O bless - ed Mas - ter! at thy feet.

123

Tune,—"MARLOW" (p. 37), or "MEAR" (p. 63).

"She prayed unto the Lord."—I Sam. 1: 10.

1 Within these quiet walls, O Lord!
A fond maternal band
Have met thy goodness to record,
And seek thy guiding hand.

2 If e'er a mother's prayerful strain
Hath gained thy listening ear,
O Saviour! now in mercy deign
Our ardent cry to hear.

3 'Tis for our children, Lord, we plead,
Dear objects of our care;
Dangers on every side are spread;
Save them from every snare.

4 O thou blest Guardian! walk beside
Life's river as it rolls;
Light the dark stream o'er which they glide,
And cleanse and save their souls.

124

Tune,—"STATE STREET." S. M. (See page 2[0].)

"This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."—Acts ix: 36.

1 Go forth among the poor;
Thy pathway leadeth there;
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain,
And blunt the thorns of care.

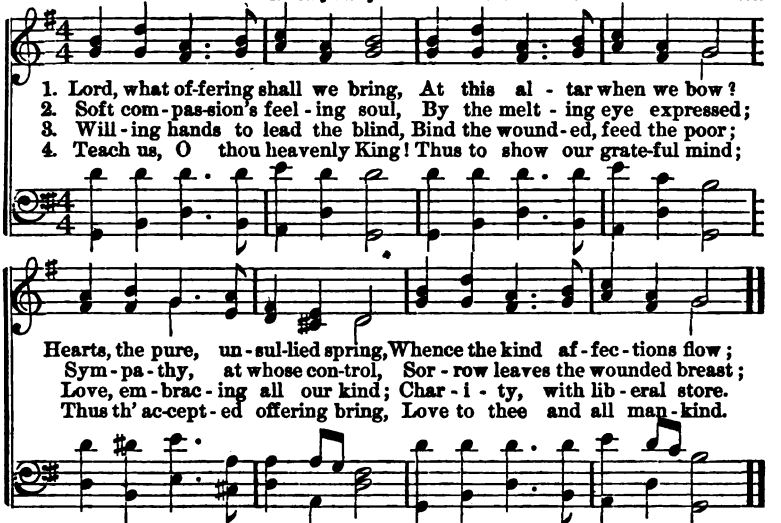
2 Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.

3 Tears dim their daily toil,
And sighs break out from sleep;
Bring light among the darkness—say,
Blessed are they that weep.

4 With tireless hopeful love,
Fulfill your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too:
Blest are the pure in heart.

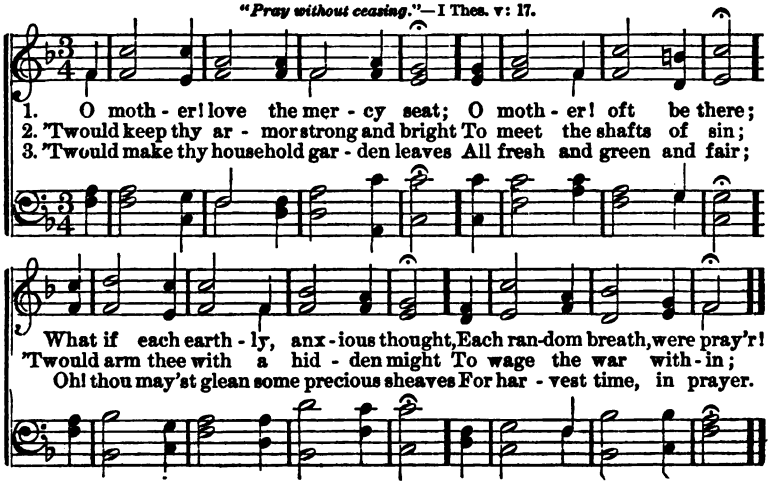
125 Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

"A living sacrifice."—Rom. xii: 1. IGNACE PLEYEL. 1800.

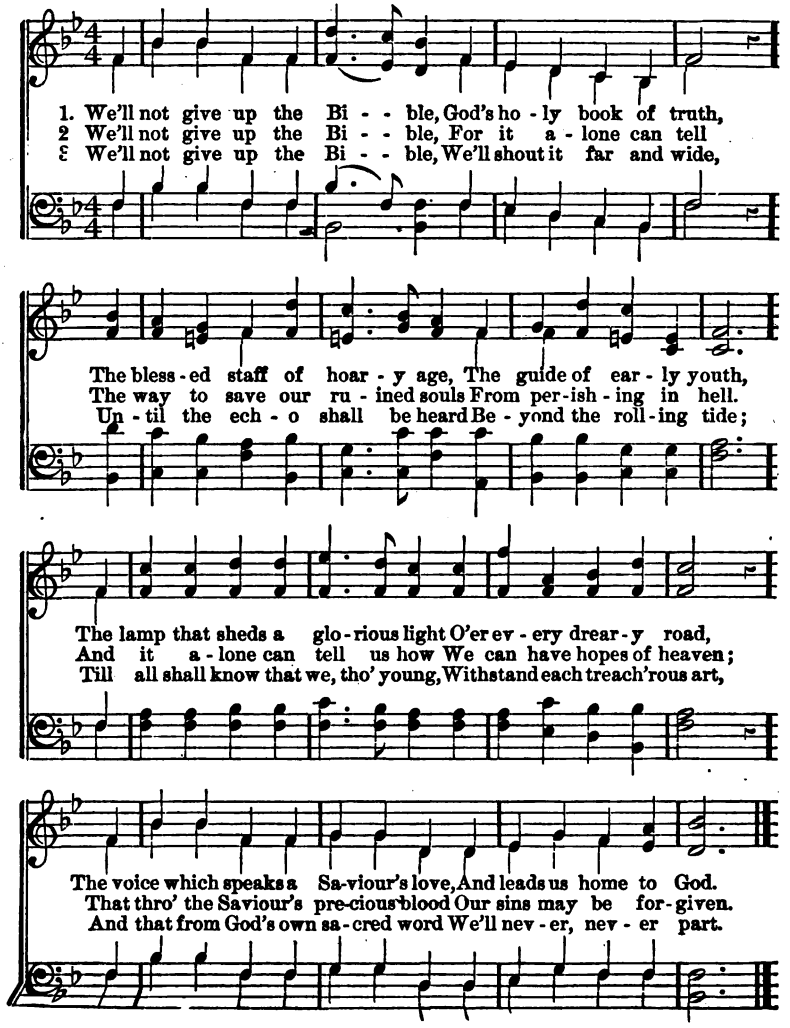

1. Lord, what of-fering shall we bring, At this al - tar when we bow?
2. Soft com-pas-sion's feel-ing soul, By the melt - ing eye expressed;
3. Will-ing hands to lead the blind, Bind the wound-ed, feed the poor;
4. Teach us, O thou heavenly King! Thus to show our grate-ful mind;
Hearts, the pure, un-sul-lied spring, Whence the kind af-fec-tions flow;
Sym-pa-thy, at whose con-trol, Sor-row leaves the wounded breast;
Love, em-brac-ing all our kind; Char-i-ty, with lib-eral store.
Thus th' ac-cept-ed offering bring, Love to thee and all man-kind.

126 Mear. C. M.

"Pray without ceasing."—I Thes. v: 17.

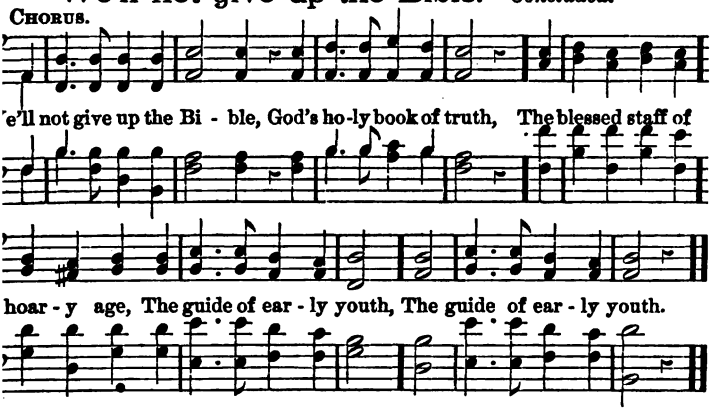

1. O moth-er! love the mer-cy seat; O moth-er! oft be there;
2. 'Twould keep thy ar-mor strong and bright To meet the shafts of sin;
3. 'Twould make thy household gar-den leaves All fresh and green and fair;
What if each earth-ly, anx-ious thought, Each ran-dom breath, were pray'r!
'Twould arm thee with a hid-den might To wage the war with-in;
Oh! thou may'st glean some precious sheaves For har-vest time, in prayer.

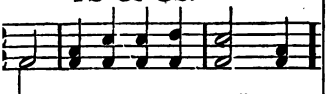
127 We'll not give up the Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."—Ps. cxix: 105. ANON.

1. We'll not give up the Bi - - ble, God's ho - ly book of truth,
2 We'll not give up the Bi - - ble, For it a - lone can tell
3 We'll not give up the Bi - - ble, We'll shout it far and wide,
The bless - ed staff of hoar - y age, The guide of ear - ly youth,
The way to save our ru - ined souls From per - ish - ing in hell.
Un - til the ech - o shall be heard Be - yond the roll - ing tide;
The lamp that sheds a glo - rious light O'er ev - ery drear - y road,
And it a - lone can tell us how We can have hopes of heaven;
Till all shall know that we, tho' young, Withstand each treach'rous art,
The voice which speaks a Sa - viour's love, And leads us home to God.
That thro' the Saviour's pre - cious blood Our sins may be for - given.
And that from God's own sa - cred word We'll nev - er, nev - er part.

We'll not give up the Bible. *Concluded.*

CHORUS.


e'll not give up the Bi - ble, God's ho-ly book of truth, The blessed staff of
hoar - y age, The guide of ear - ly youth, The guide of ear - ly youth.

Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

3 Or Tune,—"MENDEBRAS" (page 99).

e remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."—Josh. xiii: 1.

country's voice is pleading,
e men of God, arise!
providence is leading;
he land before you lies;
-gleams are o'er it brightening,
nd promise clothes the soil;
le fields, for harvest whitening,
ıvite the reaper's toil.

where the waves are breaking
n California's shore,
ist's precious gospel taking,
ore rich than golden ore;
Alleghany's mountains,
hrough all the Western vale,
ide Missouri's fountains,
ehearse the wondrous tale.

love of Christ unfolding,
peed on from east to west,
all, his cross beholding,
ı him are fully blest.

Great Author of salvation!
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

M. F. ANDERSON.

129

Tune,—"MENDON," L. M. (page 5), or "WARD" (page 8).

*"He was moved with compassion * * * because they * * * were * * * as sheep having no shepherd."* —Matt. ix: 36.

1 Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The tho'tless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

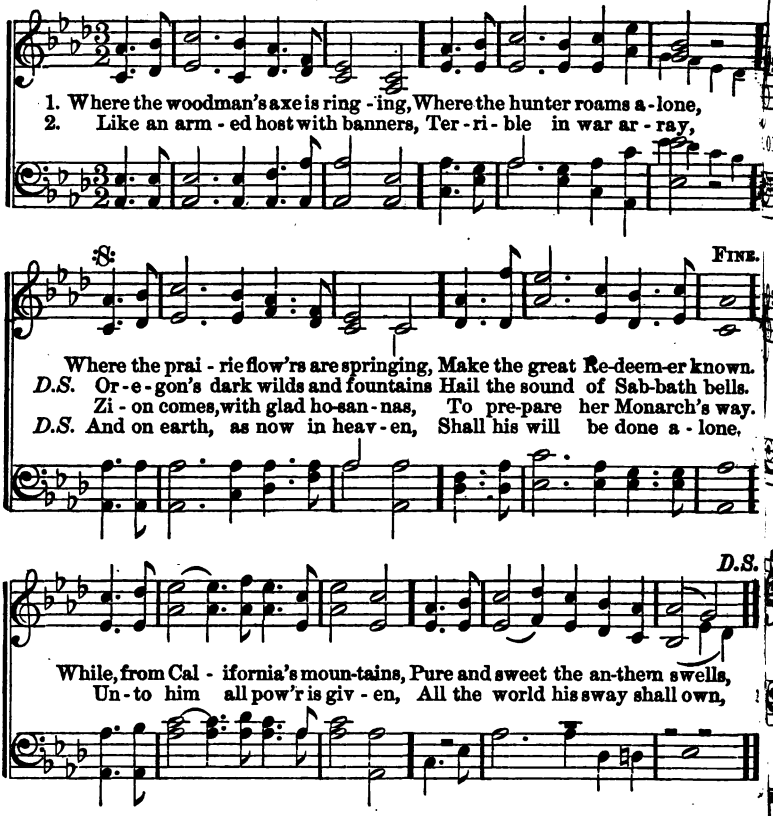
4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

130 Autumn. 8s & 7s, D.

ANON. *"Go in to possess the land."*—Josh. 1: 11.


1. Where the woodman's axe is ring - ing, Where the hunter roams a - lone,
2. Like an arm - ed host with banners, Ter - ri - ble in war ar - ray,
Fine.
Where the prai - rie flow'rs are springing, Make the great Re-deem-er known.
D.S. Or - e - gon's dark wilds and fountains Hail the sound of Sab-bath bells.
Zi - on comes, with glad ho-san - nas, To pre-pare her Monarch's way.
D.S. And on earth, as now in heav - en, Shall his will be done a - lone.
D.S.
While, from Cal - ifornia's moun-tains, Pure and sweet the an-them swells,
Un - to him all pow'r is giv - en, All the world his sway shall own,

131 Tune,—"AUTUMN."

*"The star * * * went before them."*—Matt. ii: 9.

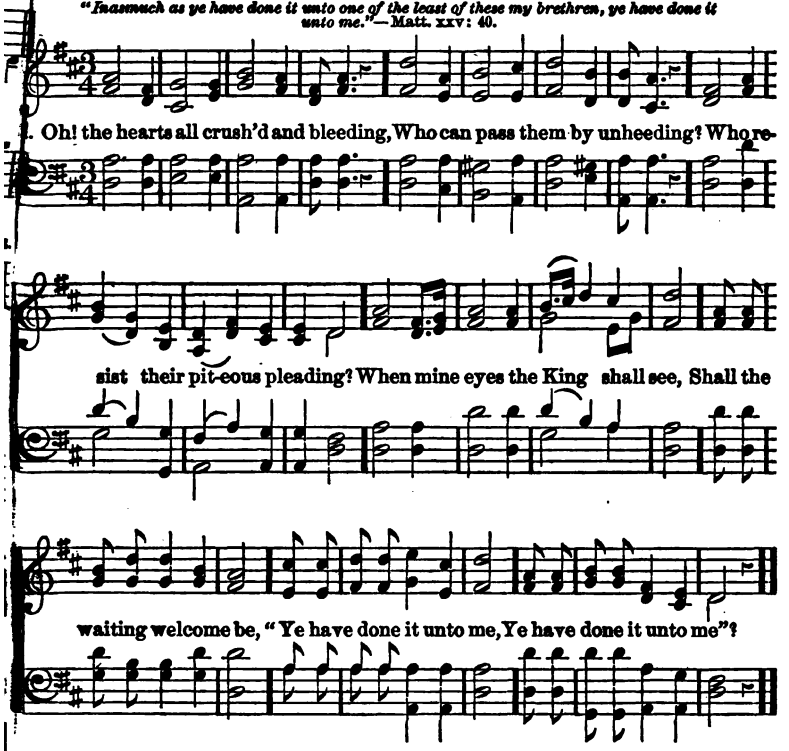
1 Hark! the sound of angel voices,
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices;
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming;
'Tis the day-spring from on high.

2 Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King!

ANON

132 Freedmen. P. M.

By permission of Rev. E. HARMON. 1879.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv: 40.

1. Oh! the hearts all crush'd and bleeding, Who can pass them by unheeding? Who re-
sist their pit-eous pleading? When mine eyes the King shall see, Shall the
waiting welcome be, "Ye have done it unto me, Ye have done it unto me"?

2 Lo! our Lord has condescended
To uplift the unbefriended,
And the poor man's cause defended.
When mine eyes the King shall see,
Shall the waiting welcome be,
"Ye have done it unto me"?

3 Came he to the pure and holy,
Or to save the sinners solely?
Lo! he loved the lost and lowly.
When mine eyes the King shall see,
May the waiting welcome be,
"Ye have done it unto me."

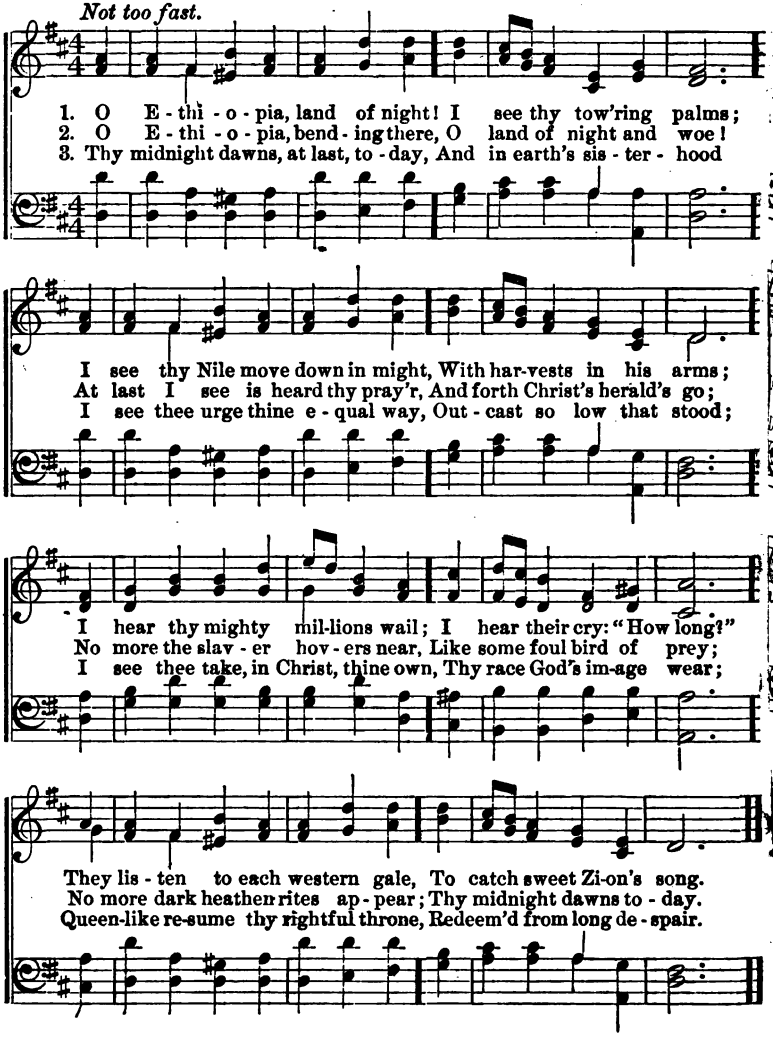
4 When the lost yet rescued races
Dwell with us in heavenly places,
Christ-like love shall crown the graces
Then mine eyes the King shall see,
And the waiting welcome be,
"Ye have done it unto me."

Rev. Ella Cornwell.

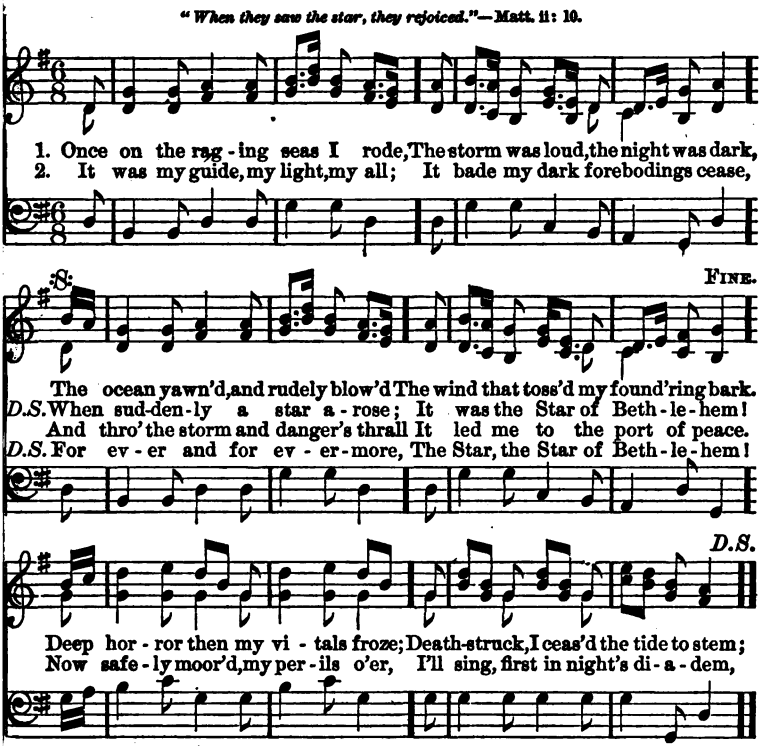
133 Livingstone.

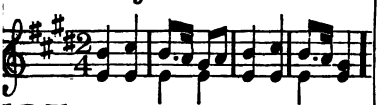
Rev. J. E. RANKIN, 1877. By permission of J. E. HALL, 1881.

"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."—Ps. lxviii: 31.

Not too fast.

1. O E - thi - o - pia, land of night! I see thy tow'ring palms;
2. O E - thi - o - pia, bend - ing there, O land of night and woe!
3. Thy midnight dawns, at last, to - day, And in earth's sis - ter - hood
I see thy Nile move down in might, With har-vests in his arms;
At last I see is heard thy pray'r, And forth Christ's herald's go;
I see thee urge thine e - qual way, Out - cast so low that stood;
I hear thy mighty mil-lions wail; I hear their cry: "How long?"
No more the slav - er hov - ers near, Like some foul bird of prey;
I see thee take, in Christ, thine own, Thy race God's im-age wear;
They lis - ten to each western gale, To catch sweet Zi-on's song.
No more dark heathen rites ap - pear; Thy midnight dawns to - day.
Queen-like re-sume thy rightful throne, Redeem'd from long de - spair.

134 Ayrshire. L. M. D. (STAR OF BETHLEHEM, *or* BONNIE DOON.)

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced."—Matt. ii: 10.

1. Once on the rag - ing seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark,
2. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease,
FINE.
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
D.S. When sud-den-ly a star a - rose; It was the Star of Beth - le - hem!
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall It led me to the port of peace.
D.S. For ev - er and for ev - er - more, The Star, the Star of Beth - le - hem!
D.S.
Deep hor - ror then my vi - tals froze; Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
Now safe - ly moor'd, my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem,

Sicily. 8s & 7s.

135

"He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow."—Mark iv: 38.

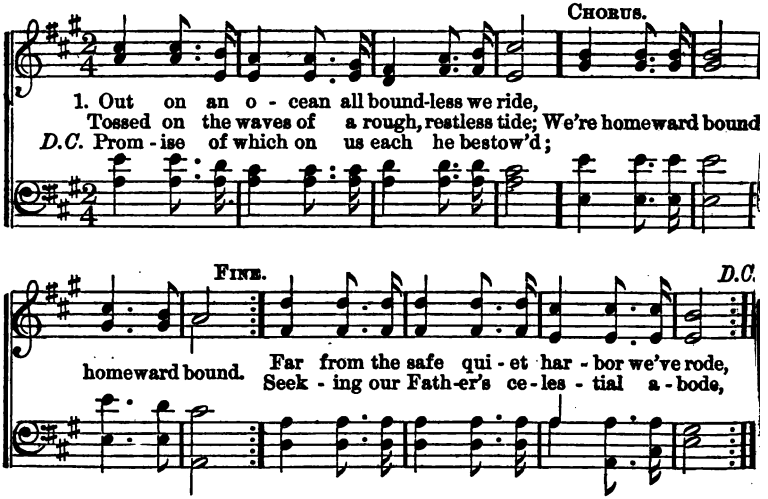
Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord! to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

2 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry:
And though mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

AMEN.

136 Homeward Bound.

"He entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city."—Matt. ix: 1.


CHORUS.
1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide; We're homeward bound
D.C. Prom - ise of which on us each he bestow'd;
FINE.
D.C.
homeward bound.
Far from the safe qui - et har - bor we've rode,
Seek - ing our Fath-er's ce - les - tial a - bode,

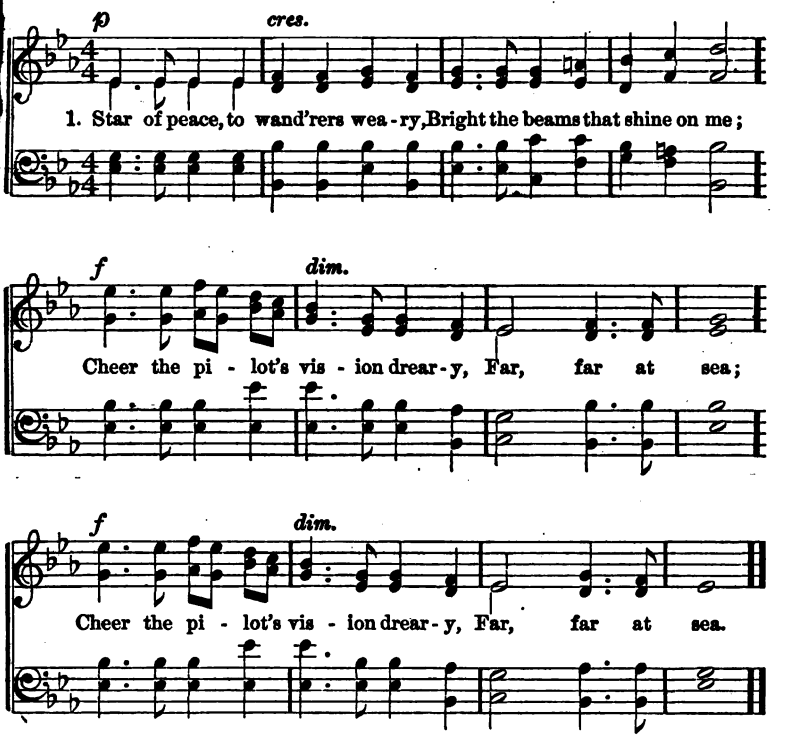
2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—
CHORUS. We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—CHO.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale:
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!—CHO.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,—
CHORUS. We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng—CHO.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number; O come and be blest!
Journey with us to the mansions of rest.—CHO.

4 Into the harbor of heaven we glide—
CHORUS. We're home at last,—home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide—CHO.
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
"Glory to God!" we will shout evermore.—CHO.

WARREN.

137 Billow. (STAR OF PEACE.)

*"He * * * said unto the sea, Peace, be still."*—Mark iv: 39. L. MASON.

p
cres.
1. Star of peace, to wand'rers wea - ry, Bright the beams that shine on me;
f
dim.
Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear - y, Far, far at sea;
f
dim.
Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear - y, Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine! oh, safely guide him,—
Bring the wanderer home to thee!
Sore temptations long have tried him.
Far, far at sea.

MRS. JANE C. B. SIMPSON.

138 Tune,—"WOODWORTH." L. M.

"Thou rulest the raging of the sea."—Ps. lxxxix: 9.

1 While o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord! the prosperous gale,
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O let thy heavenly breezes blow!

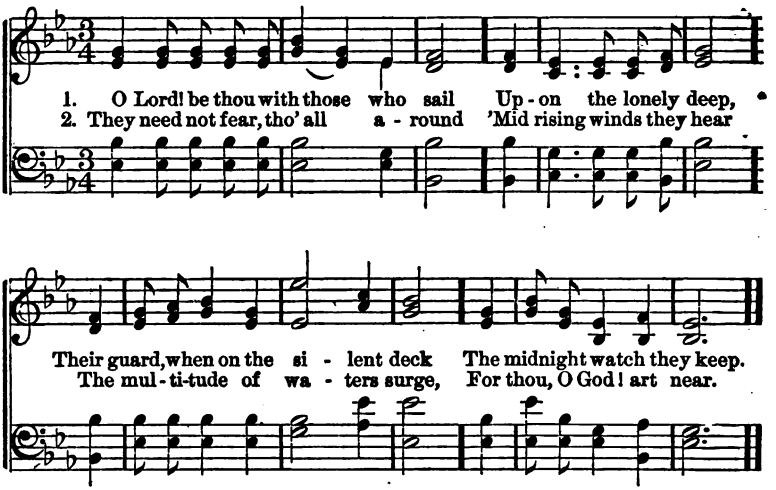
2 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore,
And grant their death in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

BURDETT.

139 Elizabethtown. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY. 1838.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."—Ps. cvii: 23.


1. O Lord! be thou with those who sail Up - on the lonely deep,
2. They need not fear, tho' all a - round 'Mid rising winds they hear
Their guard, when on the si - lent deck The midnight watch they keep.
The mul - ti-tude of wa - ters surge, For thou, O God! art near.

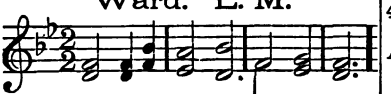
3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are thine, are held within
The hollow of thine hand.

4 To thee, the Father, thee, the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit, moving o'er the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

NELSON. *Alt.*

CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

Ward. L. M.



140

"This is indeed the Christ."—John iv: 42.

1 Why, on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise!
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his scepter sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

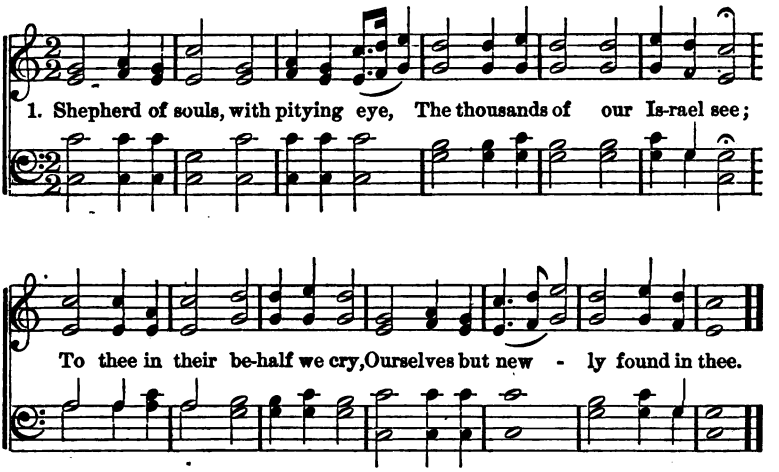
4 Nor fear thy Salem's hill to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

141 Sessions. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON. Arr.

"They shall look upon me whom they have pierced."—Zech. xii: 10.


1. Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye, The thousands of our Is-rael see;
To thee in their be-half we cry, Ourselves but new - ly found in thee.

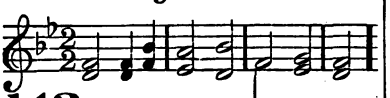
2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy suff'rings these;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones!

ANON.

Rockingham. L. M.



142

"And so all Israel shall be saved."—Rom. xi: 26.

1 Disown'd of Heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
Oh! why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around?

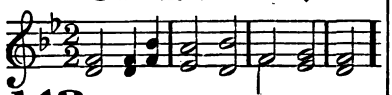
2 Lord! visit thy forsaken race;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light,
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail! glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore!

ANON.

Olmutz. S. M.



143

"Therefore shall the land mourn."—Hos. iv: 3.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem,
For reason's light divine,
Quench'd from the soul's bright diadem
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul,
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to helpless night.

4 Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love. ANON.

144

Tune,—"WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS." 8s & 7s. D. Key F.

"To save that which was lost."—Luke xix: 10.

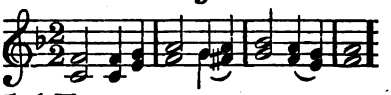
1 Brothers! rally for the conflict;
See the glorious banner wave;
Temperance bands are pressing onward,
Fallen men to uplift and save.
Hear a mighty host of freemen,
Songs of joy and triumph raise;
Love hath conquered, chains are broken;
Give to God most high the praise.

2 Swift the day of life is passing,
Soon will fall the shades of night;
Urge we then the glorious conflict,
Battling hard in love's great might.
Burst the tyrant bands asunder;
Set the wretched captive free;
Let rejoicing wives and mothers
Shout "the year of jubilee."

3 Led no more by passion captive,
Haunts of sin and death we shun;
Happy hearts and smiling faces
Tell of joyful vict'ries won.

Hear a mighty, etc., W. STEVENSON, *Alt.*

Hamburg. L. M.



145

"Help, Lord."—Ps. xii: 1.

1 Great God! to whom alone belong
Tributes of praise forevermore,
O deign to hear our humble song,
While here thy goodness we adore!

2 In times gone by, thou kindly blessed
The humble efforts we have made;
Again we plead for those oppressed,
The slaves of drink of every grade.

3 O breathe thy spirit on us, Lord!
And teach us how their hearts to win;
Thy choicest blessings now afford,
And keep us, Lord, from every sin.
ANON.

146

Tune,—"ZION" (page 15).

"Save a soul from death."—James v: 20.

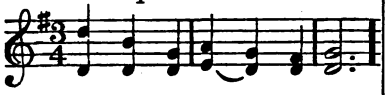
1 Round the temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind;
Kindly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

2 Bear the blissful tidings onward;
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downward
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And, obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

3 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly;
Round it live and round it die;
Young and old, defend it sternly
Till we gain the victory;
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

4 Now unto the Lamb, forever,
Fountain of all light and love,
Let the glory, fading never,
Be ascribed to him above,
Whose compassion
Did the friends of temp'rance move.
ANON.

Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

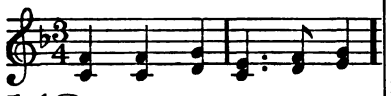
With spirit.

147

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." —Ps. cxliv: 15.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

J. S. Dwight.

America. 6s & 4s.

148

"Peace be within thy walls."—Ps. cxxii: 7.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

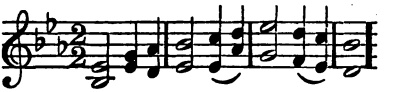
2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break:
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

Duke St. L. M.



149

"Our fathers trusted in thee."—Ps. xxii: 4.

1 O God! beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the prayer,—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God,
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

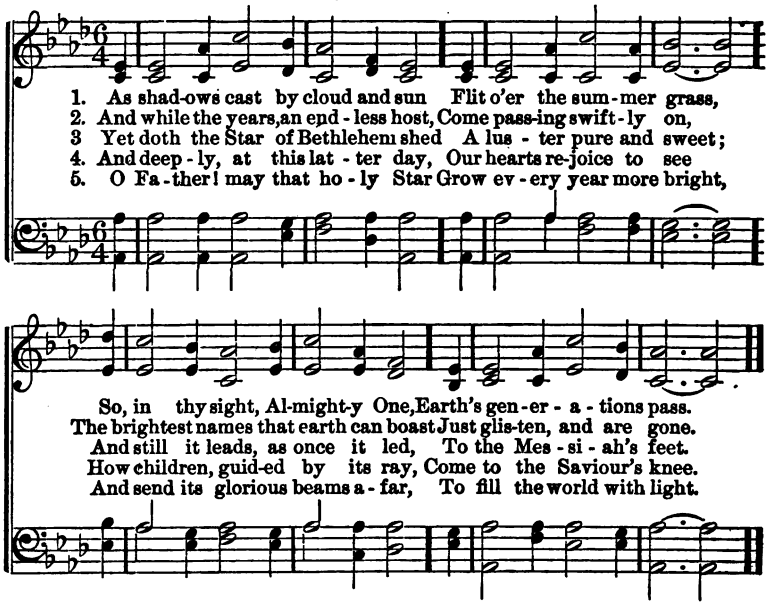
4 And here thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

L. Bacon.

150 Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. W. H. HAVERGAL.

"A Star out of Jacob."—Num. xxiv: 17.


1. As shad-ows cast by cloud and sun Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,
2. And while the years, an end-less host, Come pass-ing swift-ly on,
3 Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed A lus-ter pure and sweet;
4. And deep-ly, at this lat-ter day, Our hearts re-joice to see
5. O Fa-ther! may that ho-ly Star Grow ev-ery year more bright,
So, in thy sight, Al-might-y One, Earth's gen-er-a-tions pass.
The brightest names that earth can boast Just glis-ten, and are gone.
And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes-si-ah's feet.
How children, guid-ed by its ray, Come to the Saviour's knee.
And send its glorious beams a-far, To fill the world with light.

151

Tune—"MISSIONARY WATCHWORD." 7s & 6s, (page 40), "MISSIONARY HYMN" (page 11), or "WEBB" (page 50).

"It is a little one."—Gen. xix: 20.

1 Only a little penny!
Yet, with assurance sweet,
Fearing no scorn, we lay it
Down at the Saviour's feet;
Saving for him a portion
Out of our slender store;
Gladly we give our pennies
If we can give no more.

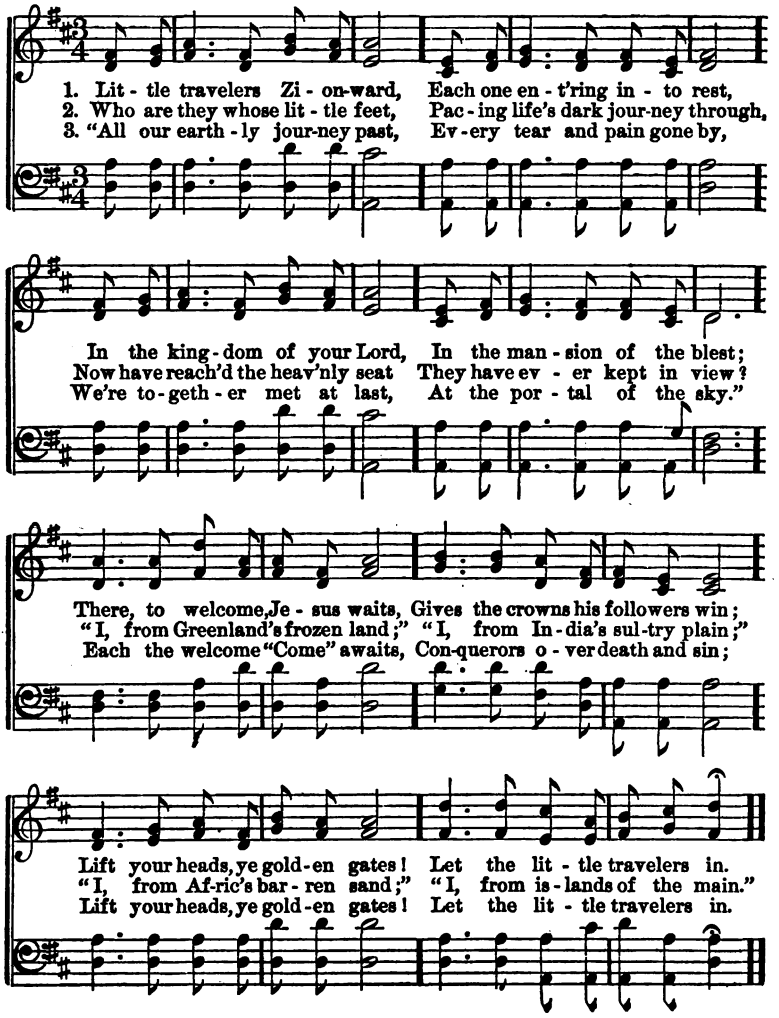
2 Only ten little fingers!
But little things may grow,
And little hands, now helpless,
Will not be always so;
But if we train them early
Unto His work alone,
They will do greater service
When they are stronger grown.

3 Only a band of children,
Sitting at Jesus' feet,
Rejoicing now to enter
Into his service sweet;
Seeking his light to guide us
Where'er the way is dim;
Learning his precious lessons,
Longing to be like him.

4 Take us, dear Saviour, take us
Into thy heavenly fold;
Keep our young feet from straying
Out in the dark and cold;
Call us thy "Little Helpers,"
Glad in thy work to share;
Make us thine own dear children,
Worthy thy name to bear.

152 Little Travelers. 7s, D.

JAMES EDMESTON.

"Of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark x: 14.

1. Lit - tle travelers Zi - on-ward, Each one en - t'ring in - to rest,
2. Who are they whose lit - tle feet, Pac - ing life's dark jour-ney through,
3. "All our earth - ly jour-ney past, Ev - ery tear and pain gone by,
In the king - dom of your Lord, In the man - sion of the blest;
Now have reach'd the heav'nly seat They have ev - er kept in view?
We're to - geth - er met at last, At the por - tal of the sky."
There, to welcome, Je - sus waits, Gives the crowns his followers win;
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;" "I, from In - dia's sul - try plain;"
Each the welcome "Come" awaits, Con-querors o - ver death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye gold - en gates! Let the lit - tle travelers in.
"I, from Af-ric's bar - ren sand;" "I, from is - lands of the main."
Lift your heads, ye gold - en gates! Let the lit - tle travelers in.

153 Marching Along. 11s.

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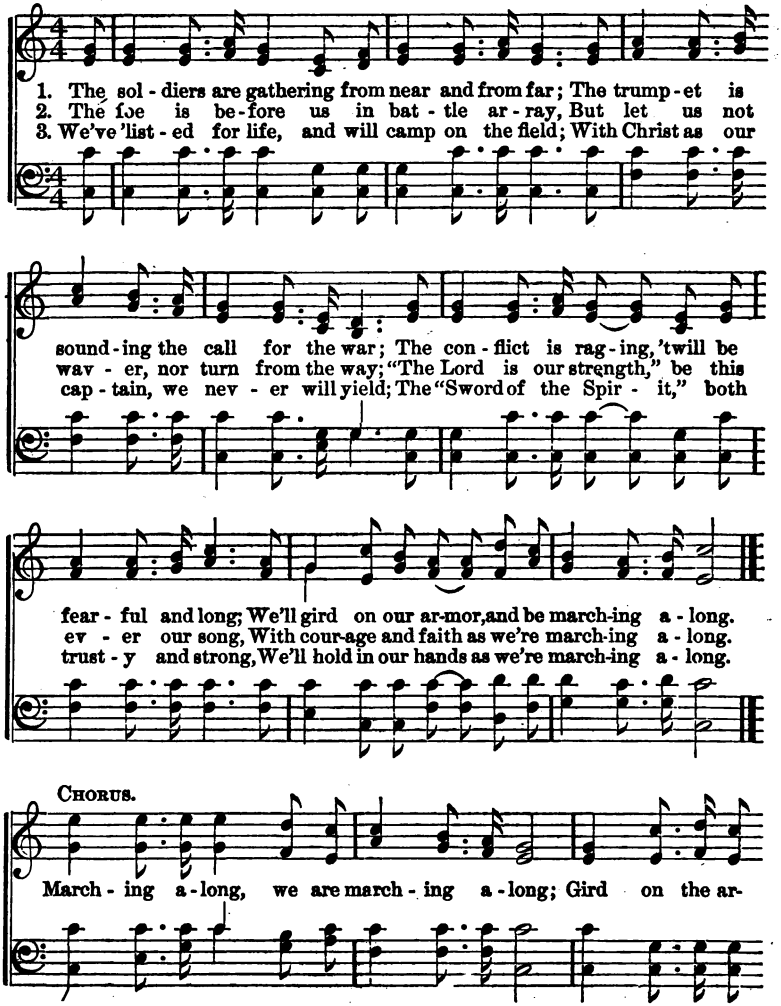
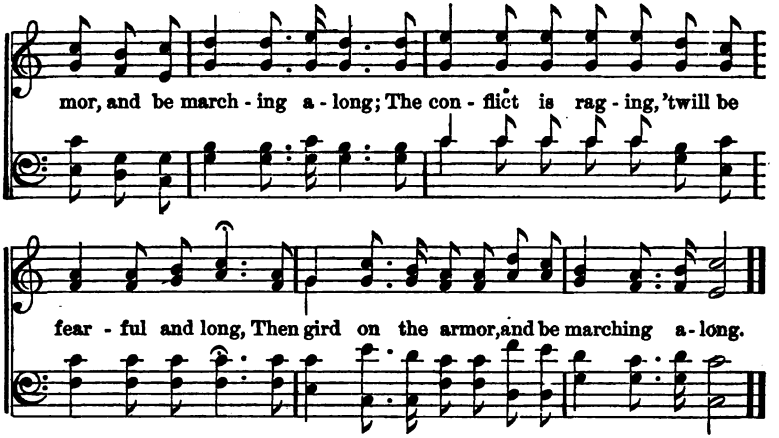
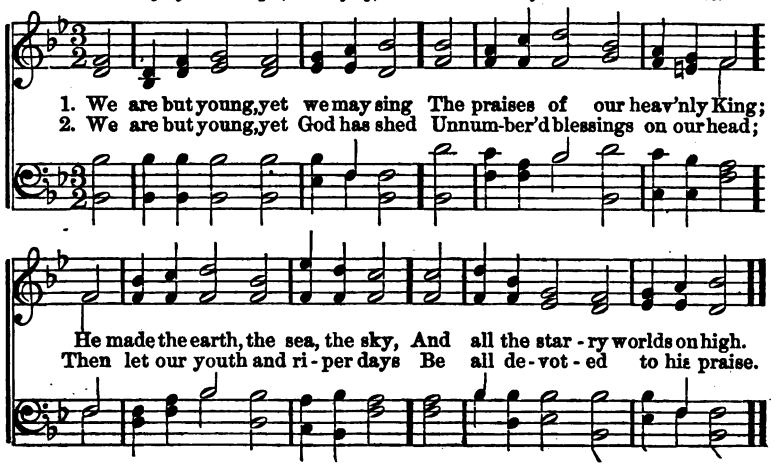
"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. vi: 13.

1. The sol - diers are gathering from near and from far; The trump - et is
2. The foe is be - fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not
3. We've 'list - ed for life, and will camp on the field; With Christ as our
sound - ing the call for the war; The con - flict is rag - ing, 'twill be
wav - er, nor turn from the way; "The Lord is our strength," be this
cap - tain, we nev - er will yield; The "Sword of the Spir - it," both
fear - ful and long; We'll gird on our ar - mor, and be march - ing a - long.
ev - er our song, With cour - age and faith as we're march - ing a - long.
trust - y and strong, We'll hold in our hands as we're march - ing a - long.
CHORUS.
March - ing a - long, we are march - ing a - long; Gird on the ar-

Marching Along. *Concluded.*

4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us: we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour while marching along.—CHO.

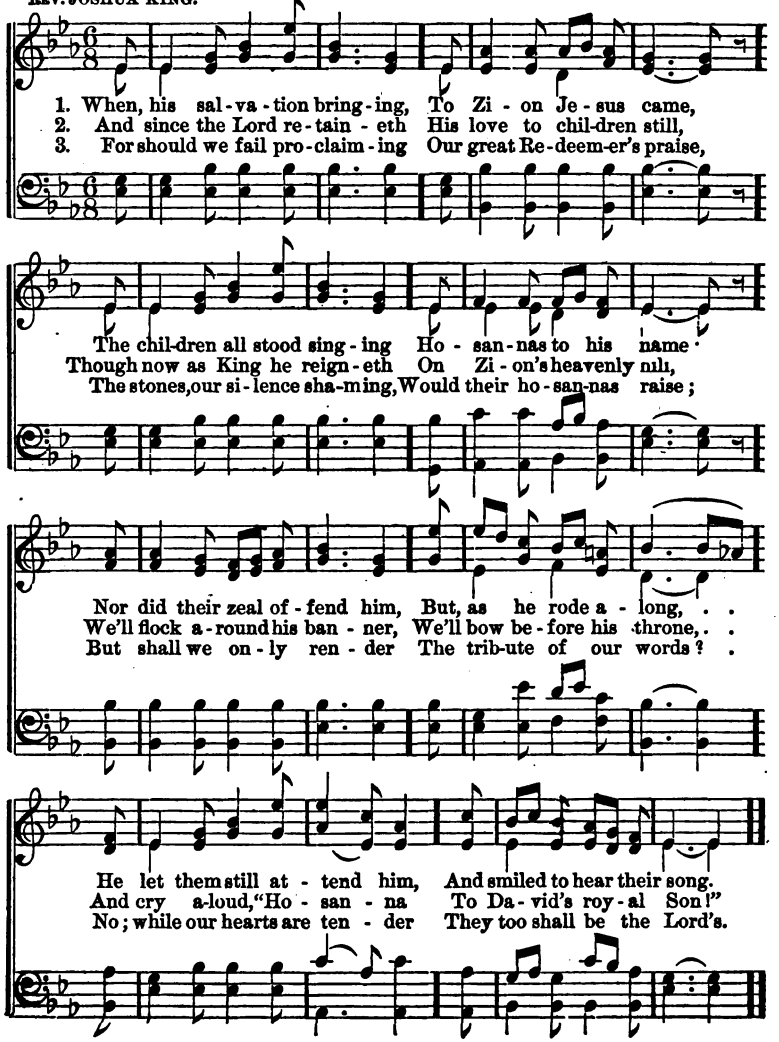
154 Hebron. L. M.

ANON.

"Children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David."—Matt. xxi: 15.


1. We are but young, yet we may sing The praises of our heav'nly King;
2. We are but young, yet God has shed Unnum-ber'd blessings on our head;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky, And all the star - ry worlds on high.
Then let our youth and ri - per days Be all de - vot - ed to his praise.

155 Salvation. 7s & 6s, D.

Rev. JOSHUA KING. *"Hosanna to the Son of David.."*—Matt xxi: 9. MOZART.

1. When, his sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came,
2. And since the Lord re-tain-eth His love to chil-dren still,
3. For should we fail pro-claim-ing Our great Re-deem-er's praise,
The chil-dren all stood sing-ing Ho-san-nas to his name
Though now as King he reign-eth On Zi-on's heavenly hill,
The stones, our si-lence sha-ming, Would their ho-san-nas raise;
Nor did their zeal of-fend him, But, as he rode a-long, . .
We'll flock a-round his ban-ner, We'll bow be-fore his throne, . .
But shall we on-ly ren-der The trib-ute of our words? .
He let them still at-tend him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a-loud, "Ho-san-na To Da-vid's roy-al Son!"
No; while our hearts are ten-der They too shall be the Lord's.

156

Tune,—"SALVATION." 7s & 6s, D.

"Thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat."—Is. lxiii: 2.

1 He comes in blood stained garments;
Upon his brow a crown;
The gates of brass fly open;
The iron bands drop down;
From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant,
That Christ is Lord of all!

2 O Christ! his love is mighty;
Long-suffering is his grace;
And glorious is the splendor
That beameth from his face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with him above.

MRS. C. L. BANCROFT. *Ab.*

157

Tune,—"MISSIONARY CHANT" (page 10.)

"Which things the angels desire to look into."—1 Peter i: 12.

1 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

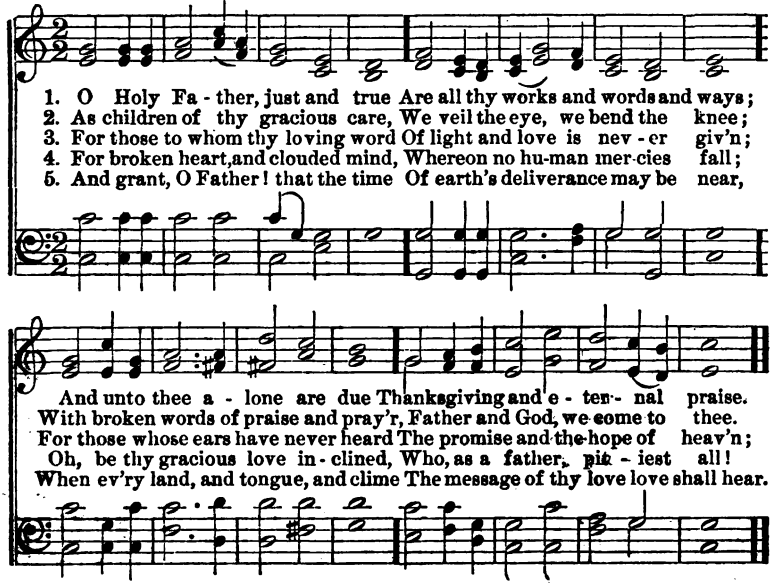
4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

BP. G. W. DOANE.

158 Zephyr. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

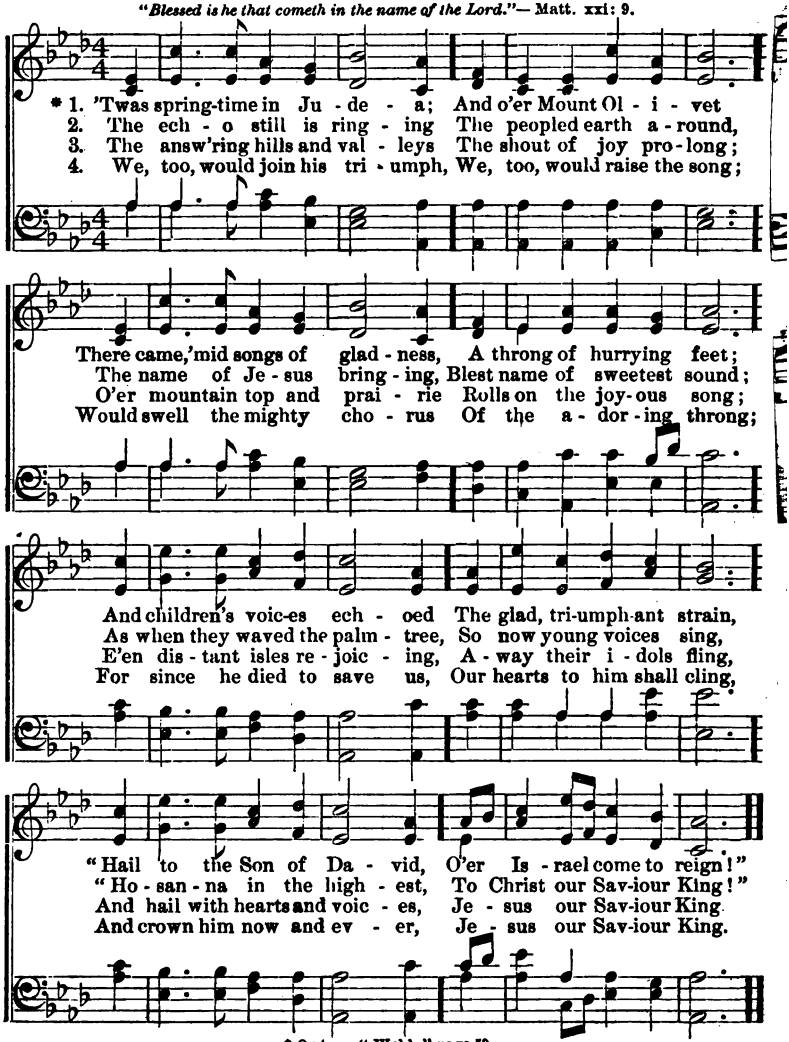
"There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer."—Rom xi: 26.


1. O Holy Fa - ther, just and true Are all thy works and words and ways;
2. As children of thy gracious care, We veil the eye, we bend the knee;
3. For those to whom thy loving word Of light and love is nev - er giv'n;
4. For broken heart, and clouded mind, Whereon no hu-man mer-cies fall;
5. And grant, O Father! that the time Of earth's deliverance may be near,
And unto thee a - lone are due Thanksgiving and e - ter - nal praise.
With broken words of praise and pray'r, Father and God, we come to thee.
For those whose ears have never heard The promise and the hope of heav'n;
Oh, be thy gracious love in - clined, Who, as a father, pit - ies all!
When ev'ry land, and tongue, and clime The message of thy love love shall hear.

159 Palms. 7s & 6s, D.

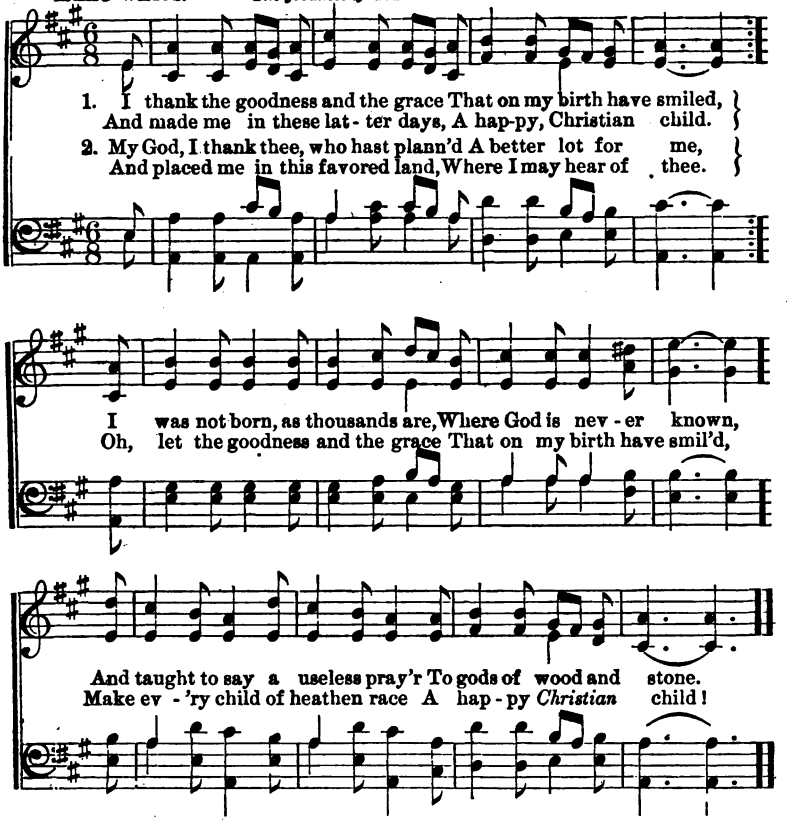
MRS. S. B. PRATT. *Alt. and Ab.* By permission. REV. E. HARMON.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."— Matt. xxi: 9.


* 1. 'Twas spring-time in Ju - de - a; And o'er Mount Ol - i - vet
2. The ech - o still is ring - ing The peopled earth a - round,
3. The answ'ring hills and val - leys The shout of joy pro - long;
4. We, too, would join his tri - umph, We, too, would raise the song;
There came,'mid songs of glad - ness, A throng of hurrying feet;
The name of Je - sus bring - ing, Blest name of sweetest sound;
O'er mountain top and prai - rie Rolls on the joy-ous song;
Would swell the mighty cho - rus Of the a - dor - ing throng;
And children's voic-es ech - oed The glad, tri-umph-ant strain,
As when they waved the palm - tree, So now young voices sing,
E'en dis - tant isles re - joic - ing, A - way their i - dols fling,
For since he died to save us, Our hearts to him shall cling,
"Hail to the Son of Da - vid, O'er Is - rael come to reign!"
"Ho - san - na in the high - est, To Christ our Sav-iour King!"
And hail with hearts and voic - es, Je - sus our Sav-iour King.
And crown him now and ev - er, Je - sus our Sav-iour King.

* Or tune "Webb," page 50.

160 Canaan. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. *"The goodness of God."*—Romans ii: 4.

1. I thank the goodness and the grace That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these lat- ter days, A hap-py, Christian child.
2. My God, I thank thee, who hast plann'd A better lot for me,
And placed me in this favored land, Where I may hear of thee.
I was not born, as thousands are, Where God is nev - er known,
Oh, let the goodness and the grace That on my birth have smil'd,
And taught to say a useless pray'r To gods of wood and stone.
Make ev - 'ry child of heathen race A hap - py *Christian* child!

SECOND HYMN.

Tune,—"CANAAN." C. M.

"Behold, thy King cometh."—Zech. ix: 9.

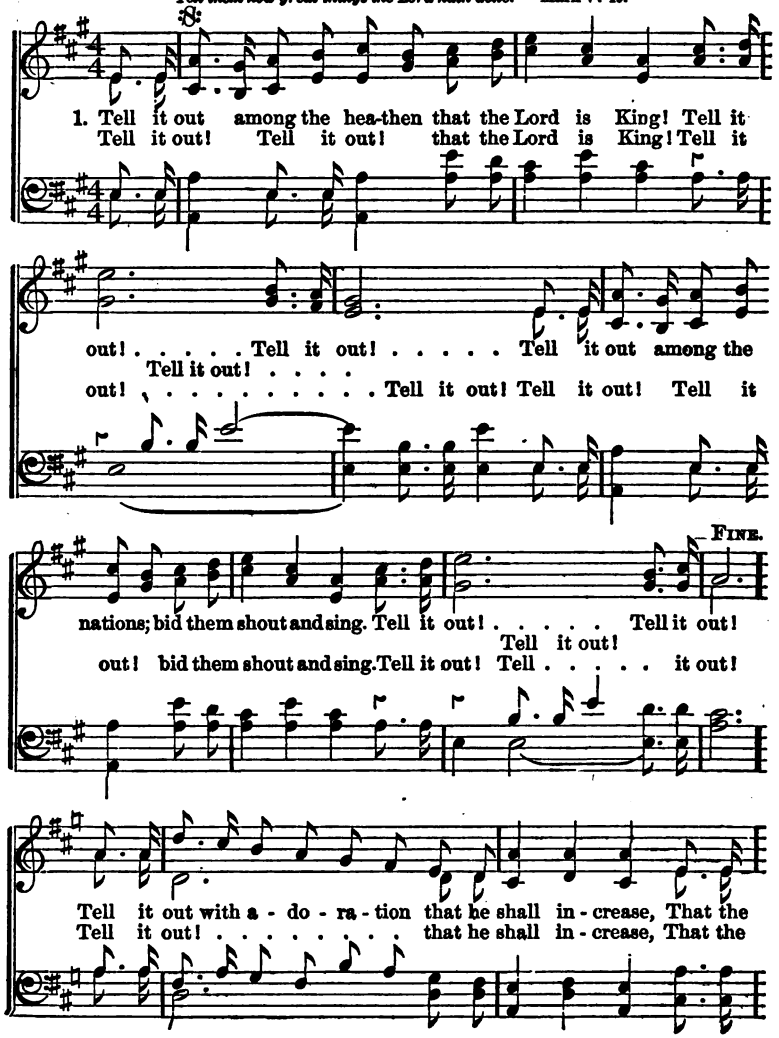
1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away!
Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And crown thee as their King.

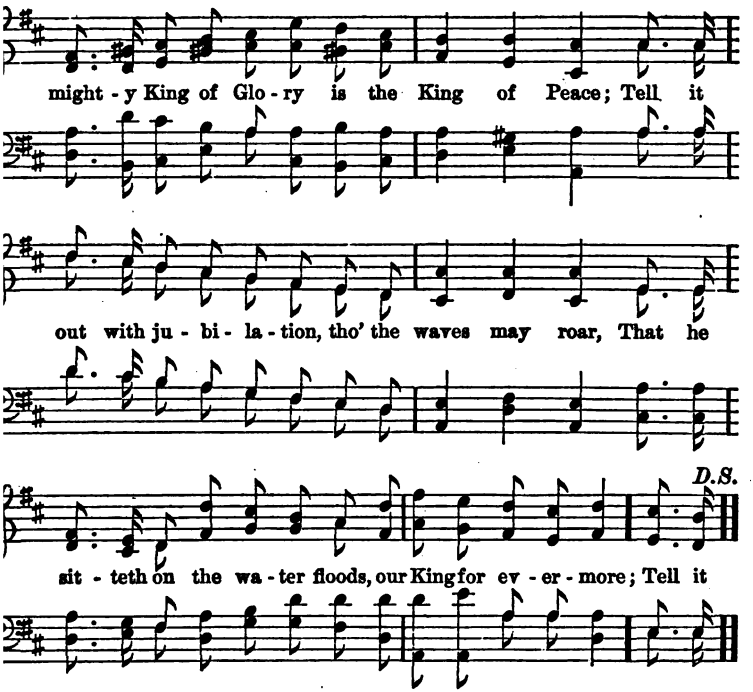
2 Bid the whole world, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In mem'ry of thy love.
Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

161 Tell It Out.

Words and Music by
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

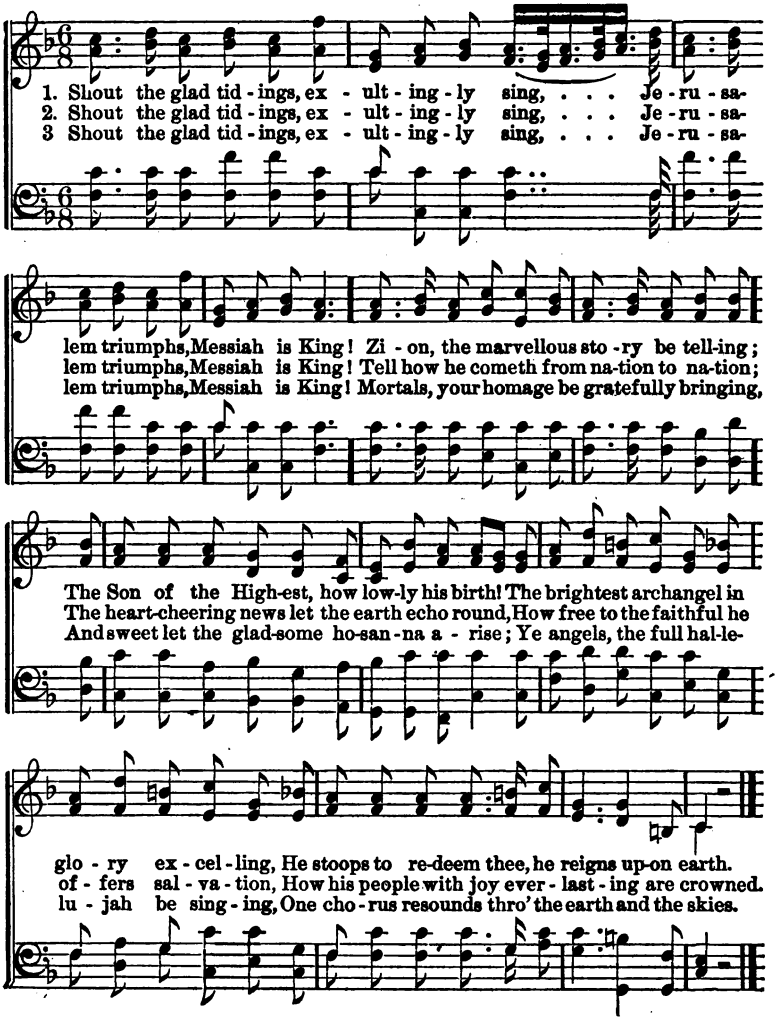
"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark v: 19.

1. Tell it out among the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out! that the Lord is King! Tell it
out! . . . . . Tell it out! . . . . . Tell it out among the
Tell it out! . . . .
out! . . . . . Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
FINE.
nations; bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! . . . . . Tell it out!
Tell it out!
out! bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! Tell . . . . . it out!
Tell it out with a - do - ra - tion that he shall in - crease, That the
Tell it out! . . . . . that he shall in - crease, That the

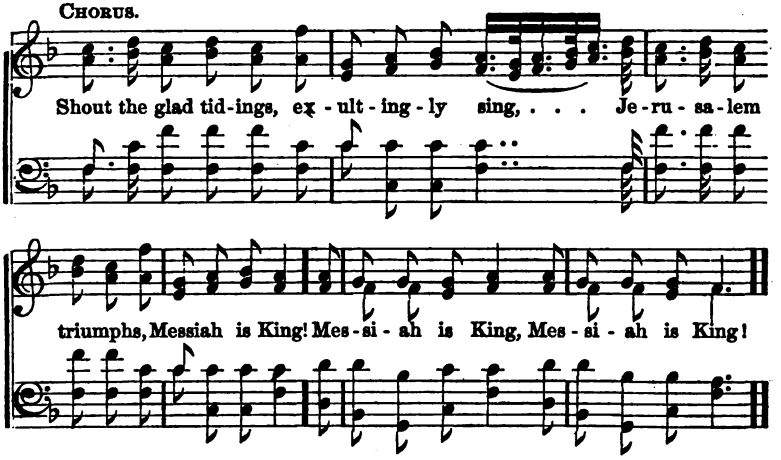
Tell It Out. *Concluded.*

might - y King of Glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
out with ju - bi - la - tion, tho' the waves may roar, That he
D.S.
sit - teth on the wa - ter floods, our King for ev - er - more; Tell it

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains.
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that he triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that his reign is love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

162 Shout the Glad Tidings.

ANON. *"Good tidings of great joy."*—Luke ii: 10.

1. Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, . . . Je - ru - sa-
2. Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, . . . Je - ru - sa-
3 Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, . . . Je - ru - sa-
lem triumphs, Messiah is King! Zi - on, the marvellous sto - ry be tell-ing;
lem triumphs, Messiah is King! Tell how he cometh from na-tion to na-tion;
lem triumphs, Messiah is King! Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
The Son of the High-est, how low-ly his birth! The brightest archangel in
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round, How free to the faithful he
And sweet let the glad-some ho-san-na a - rise; Ye angels, the full hal-le-
glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He stoops to re-deem thee, he reigns up-on earth.
of - fers sal - va - tion, How his people with joy ever - last - ing are crowned.
lu - jah be sing - ing, One cho - rus resounds thro' the earth and the skies.

Shout the Glad Tidings. *Concluded.*

JUVENILE.

163

Tune,—"PORTUGUESE HYMN." 11s (page 46).

"A land which the Lord thy God careth for."—Deut. xi: 12.

1 Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng,
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

2 With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

3 I tread where the Twelve in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the Chosen of God;
Where his blessing was heard and his lessons were taught;
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

4 And what if my feet may not tread where he stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer!

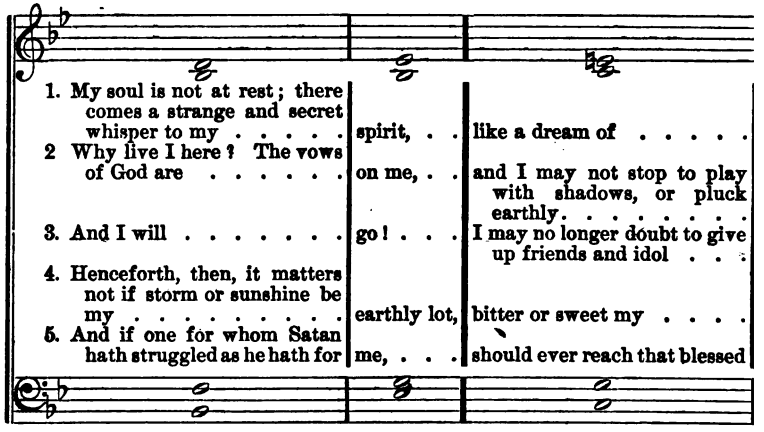
5 Yet, loved of the Father, thou, Jesus, art near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent, here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

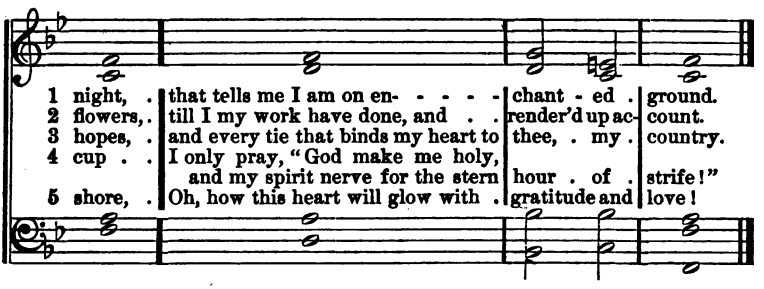
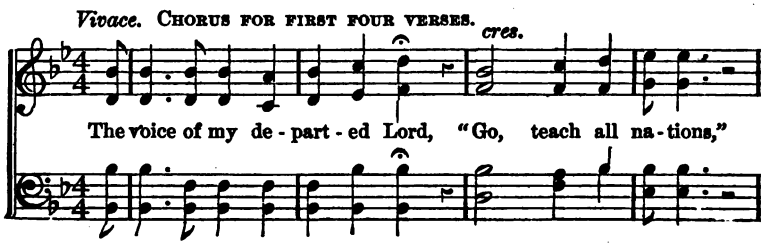
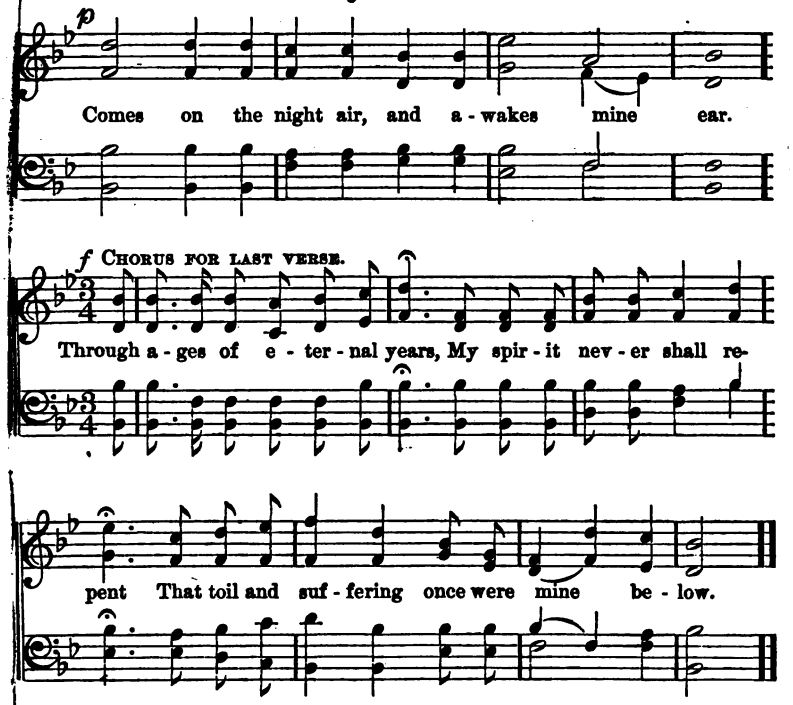
JOHN G. WHITTIER. Ab.

164 Missionary's Call. (Chant.)

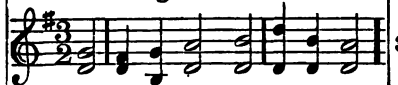
EDWARD HOWE, Jr.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—John xi: 28.


1. My soul is not at rest; there comes a strange and secret whisper to my . . . . . spirit, . . like a dream of . . . . .
2 Why live I here? The vows of God are . . . . . on me, . . and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly. . . . . .
3. And I will . . . . . go! . . . I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol . . .
4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my . . . . . earthly lot, bitter or sweet my . . . .
5. And if one for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for me, . . . should ever reach that blessed


1 night, . that tells me I am on en- - - - - chant - ed . ground.
2 flowers, . till I my work have done, and . . render'd up ac- count.
3 hopes, . and every tie that binds my heart to thee, . my . country.
4 cup . . I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern hour . of . strife!"
5 shore, . Oh, how this heart will glow with . gratitude and love!

Missionary's Call. *Concluded.*

p
Comes on the night air, and a-wakes mine ear.
f CHORUS FOR LAST VERSE.
Through a-ges of e-ter-nal years, My spir-it nev-er shall re-
pent That toil and suf-fering once were mine be-low.

FREEDMEN.

Rockingham. L. M.

165

"I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time."—Isa. lx: 22.

1 Hasten, O Lord! that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day,
When men of every race and clime
The Saviour's precepts shall obey.

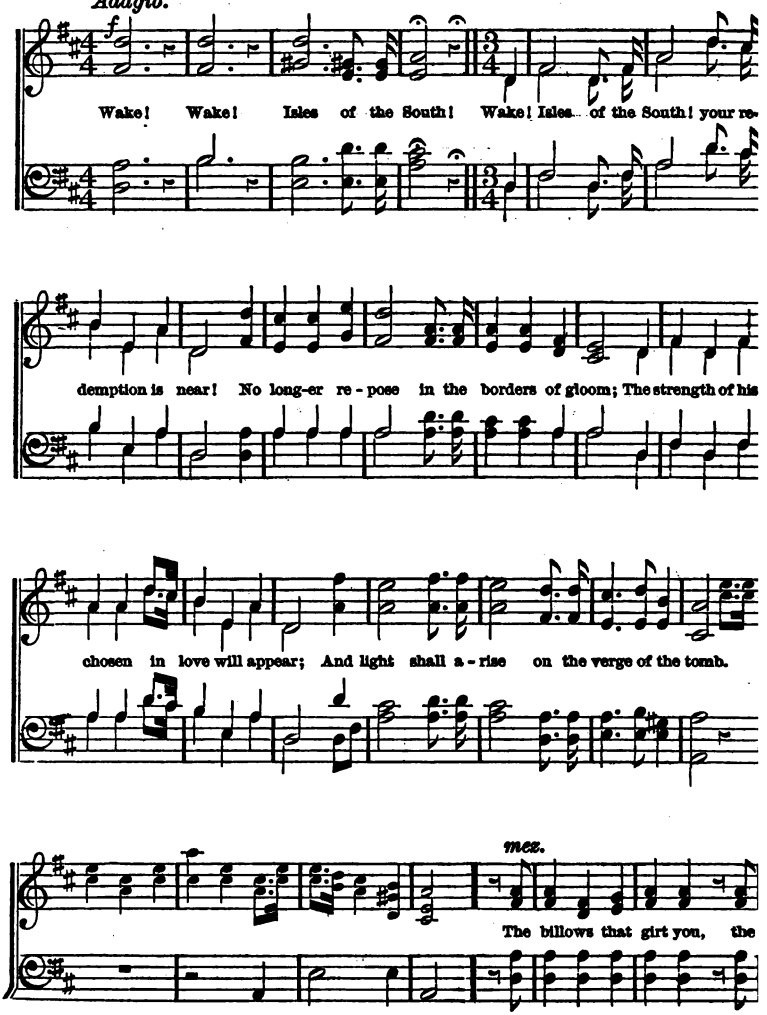
2 In one sweet symphony of praise
Gentile and Jew shall then unite,
And all the wrongs which man has wrought
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

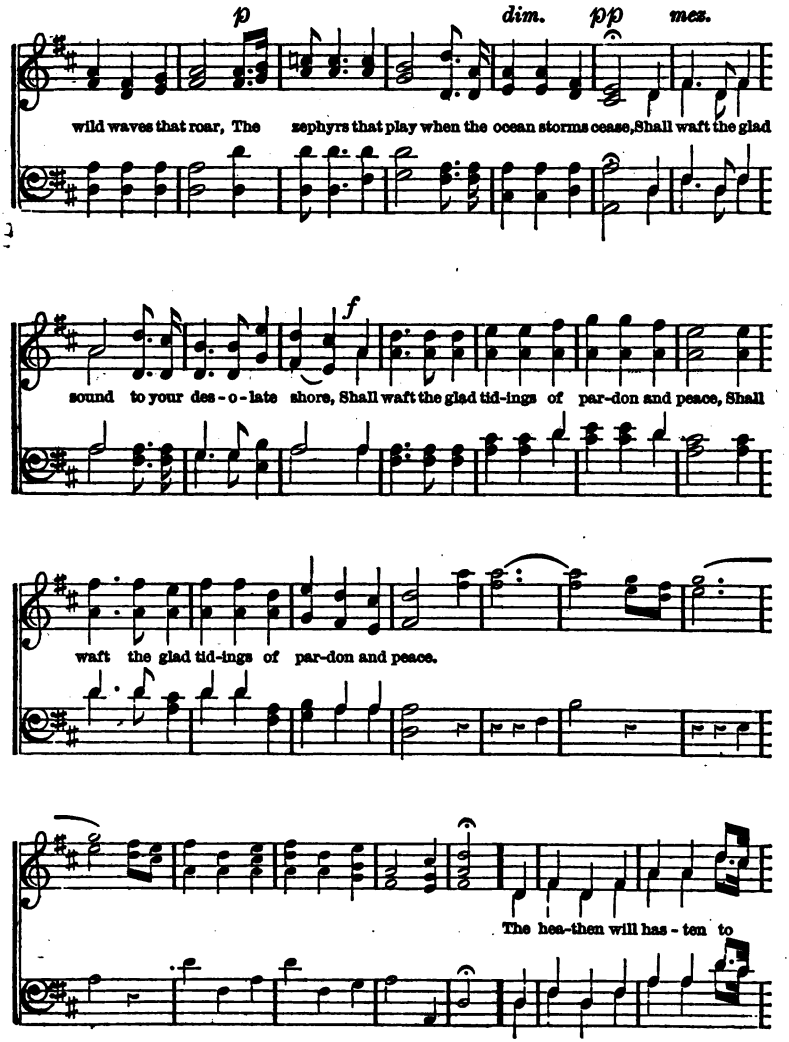
3 Then Afric's long enslavéd sons
Shall join with Europe's polished race
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

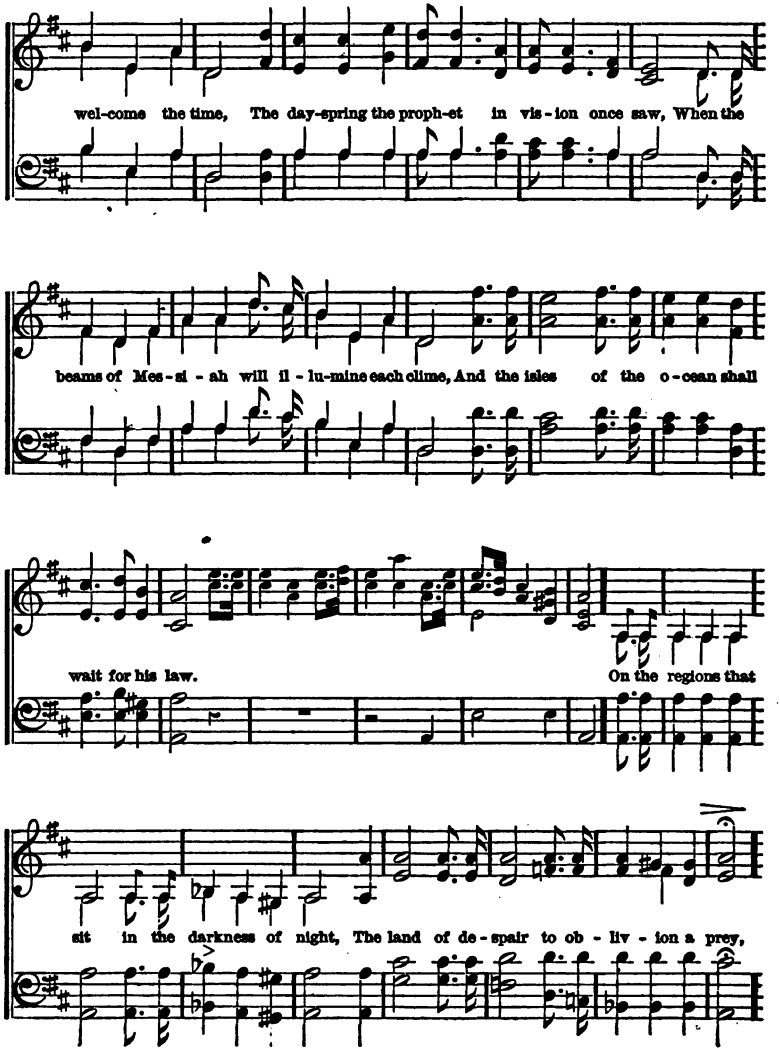
4 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

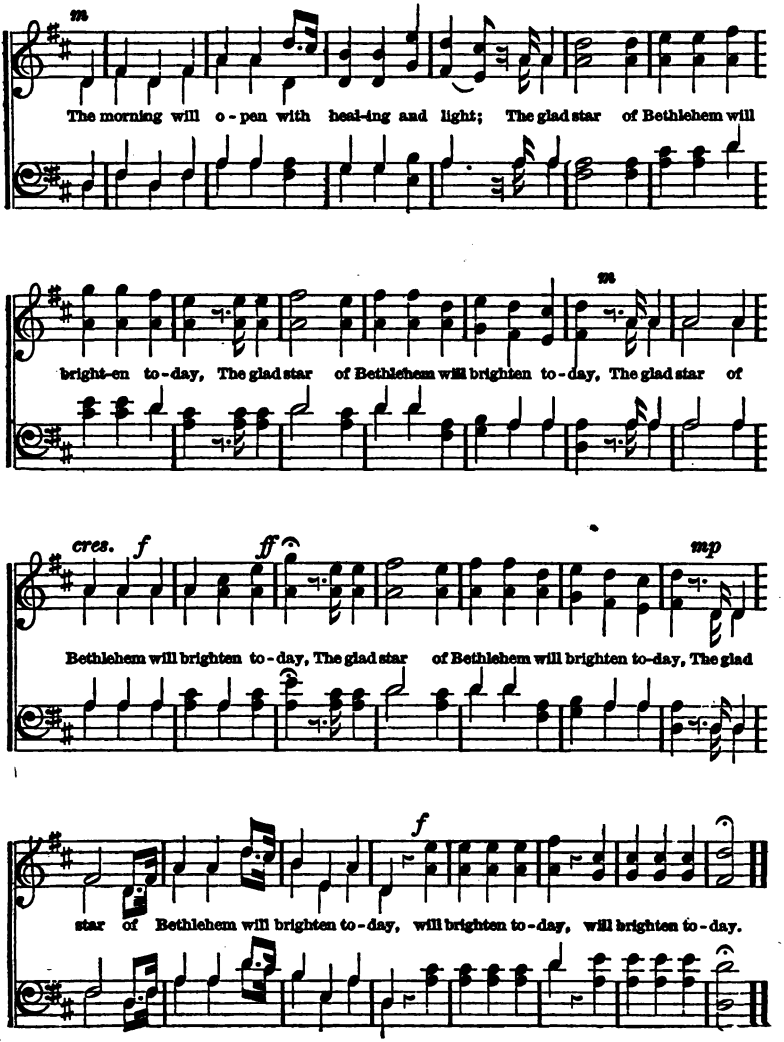
MRS. VOKE.

166 Wake! Isles of the South.

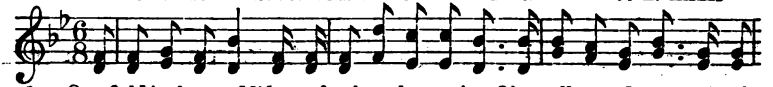
WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. *"The isles shall wait for his law."*—Isa. xlii: 4. L. MASON.

Adagio.
f
Wake! Wake! Isles of the South! Wake! Isles of the South! your re-
demption is near! No long-er re-pose in the borders of gloom; The strength of his
chosen in love will appear; And light shall a-rise on the verge of the tomb.
mez.
The billows that girt you, the

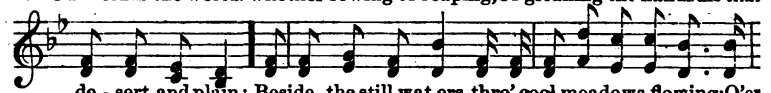
Wake! Isles of the South. *Continued.*

p
dim.
pp
mez.
wild waves that roar, The zephyrs that play when the ocean storms cease, Shall waft the glad
f
sound to your des-o-late shore, Shall waft the glad tid-ings of par-don and peace, Shall
waft the glad tid-ings of par-don and peace.
The hea-then will has-ten to

Wake! Isles of the South. *Continued.*

wel-come the time, The day-spring the proph-et in vis-ion once saw, When the
beams of Mes-si-ah will il-lu-mine each clime, And the isles of the o-cean shall
wait for his law.
On the regions that
sit in the darkness of night, The land of de-spair to ob-liv-ion a prey,

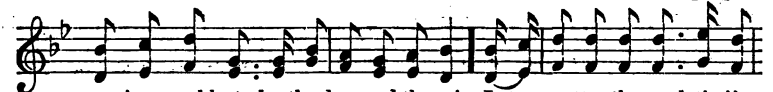
Wake! Isles of the South. *Concluded.*

m
The morning will o-pen with heal-ing and light; The glad star of Bethlehem will
bright-en to-day, The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten to-day, The glad star of
m
cres. f
ff
mp
Bethlehem will brighten to-day, The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten to-day, The glad
f
star of Bethlehem will brighten to-day, will brighten to-day, will brighten to-day.

167 * Our Field is the World.

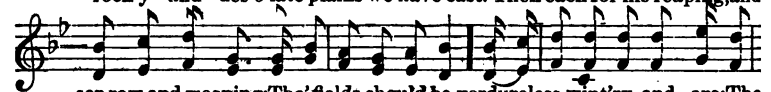
MRS. J. C. YULE. *"Sow beside all waters."*—Is. xxxii: 20. J. E. HALL.

1. Our field is the world! let us forth to the sowing; O'er valley and mountain, o'er
2. Our field is the world! let us forth to the reaping; The long day is waning, the
3. Our field is the world! let us forth to the gleaning; The stores may be small that our
4. Our field is the world! whether sowing or reaping, Or gleaning the handfuls that



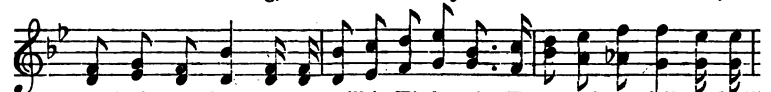
de - sert and plain; Beside the still wat-ers thro' cool meadows flowing; O'er
eve draweth nigh; Faint omens of storm up the heavens are creeping; The
la - bors re - ward; But One from the height of His glory is beaming, At -
oth-ers have pass'd; Or waiting the growth of the seed that with weeping, On



regions unblest by the dew and the rain: Let us scatter the seed, tho' in
sigh of the tempest is heard in the sky; The work-hour is brief, and the
tent to be - hold what we do for the Lord: Where haply some reaper has
rock-y and des-o-late plains we have cast: Then each for his reaping, and

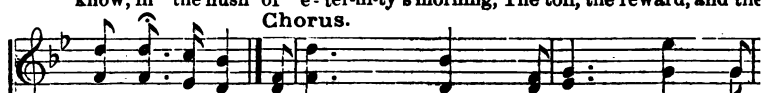


sor-row and weeping; Tho' fields should be verdureless, wint'ry, and are; The
rest is for - ev - er; Then stay not for wear-i-ness, languor nor pain; But
passed on with singing, O'er-lad-en with sheaves for the garner above, May
each for his mourning, Shall sometime rejoice when the harvest is won; And

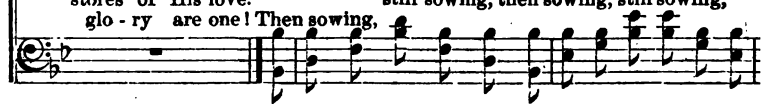


Lord of the harvest hath still in His keeping Each seed as it falls, and will
forth to the harvest with earnest endeavor, And gather with gladness the
yet be some handfuls that wait for our bringing, To crown with completeness the
know, in the flush of e - ter-ni-ty's morning, The toil, the reward, and the

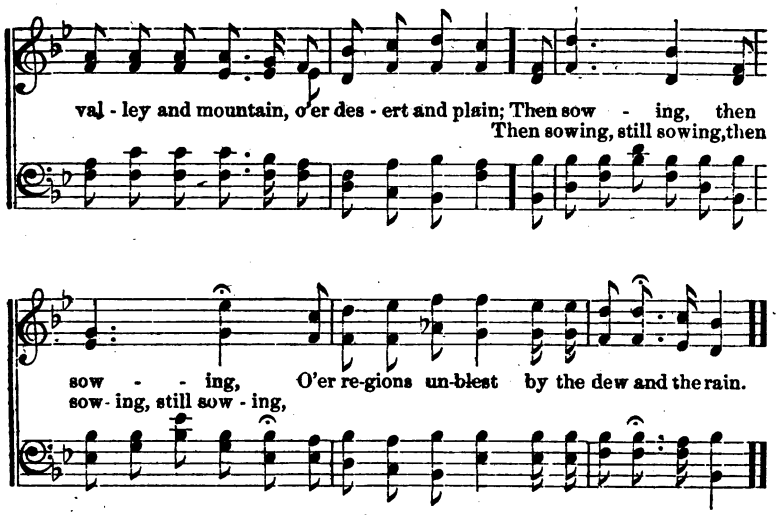
Chorus.



guard it with care. Then sow - ing, then sow - ing, O'er
sheaves that remain.
stores of His love. still sowing, then sowing, still sowing,
glo - ry are one! Then sowing,



Our Field is the World. Concluded.


val - ley and mountain, o'er des - ert and plain; Then sow - ing, then
Then sowing, still sowing, then
sow - - ing, O'er re-gions un-blest by the dew and the rain.
sow - ing, still sow - ing,

*From "RELIGIOUS SONGS," by permission.

168 "THE DARK CONTINENT."

Tune,—"ZION." 8s, 7s & 4s. (page 15).

"The topaz of Ethiopia."—Job xxviii: 19.

1 All thy realms in midnight shrouded,
Crushed beneath oppression's weight,
Of thy sons by spoilers rifled,
Victim of a bitter fate,—
Land of sorrow!
Drear thou wert, and desolate.

2 But the curtain now is lifting
From thy mountains and thy lakes;
O'er thy peopled valleys gleaming,
Now for thee the daybeam wakes,—
Land of darkness!
O'er thy hills the morning breaks.

3 Soon thy hands, outstretched in worship,
Shall to God their offering bring;
Set in Jesus' crown, thy topaz
Shall abroad its radiance fling,—
Land of bondage!
Thy deliverer is thy King.

4 Hail, O Africa, thy ransom!
Raise to heaven thy grateful song!
Last in rank among the nations,
Thou shalt lead the choral throng,—
Land of promise!
Thy Redeemer's praise prolong!

REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D.D.

169

Tune,—"MERIBAH," or "ARIEL." C. P. M.

"Let the earth be glad."—Psalm xcvi: 11.

1 Let all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless His holy name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.

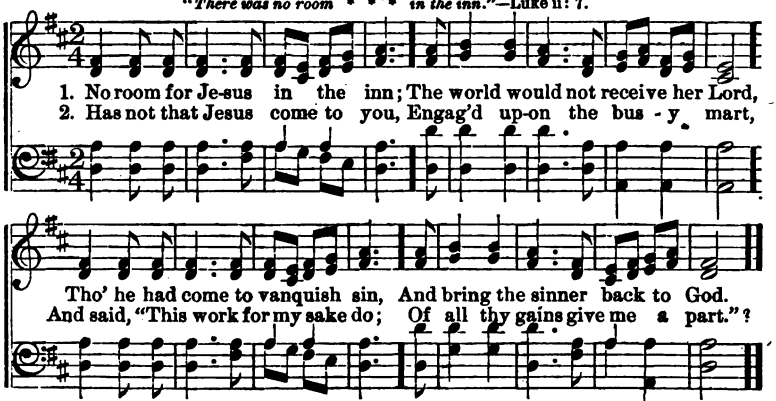
2 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel His saving pow'r,
All nations fear His name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of His holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

WATTS.

170 Malvern. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

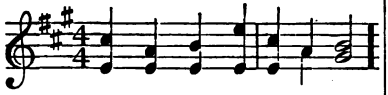
*"There was no room * * * in the inn."*—Luke ii: 7.


1. No room for Je-sus in the inn; The world would not receive her Lord,
2. Has not that Jesus come to you, Engag'd up-on the bus - y mart,
Tho' he had come to vanquish sin, And bring the sinner back to God.
And said, "This work for my sake do; Of all thy gains give me a part."?

3 Again he comes to you to-day;
No longer carry on this strife;
Turn not the blessed Lord away;
Make room for Jesus in thy life.

4 Thus shall this Jesus find a place,
Not in your heart and life alone,
But all mankind of every race,
His love and saving grace shall own.

REV. JOHN E. HURLBUT. *Ab.*

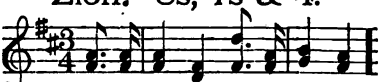
Nuremburg. 7s.

171 *"It is more blessed to give than to receive."* Acts xx: 35.

1 Give as God hath given thee,
With a bounty full and free;
‖: If he hath with liberal hand,
Given wealth to thy command, :‖
From the fulness of thy store,
Give thy needy brother more.

2 Wealth is thine to aid and bless;
Power to succor and redress;
‖: Bear with weaker ones a part,
Strong of hand, and true of heart; :‖
Be thy portion large or small,
Give, for God doth give thee all.

ANON.

Zion. 8s, 7s & 4.



172 *"I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."*—Acts xxii: 21.

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well;
Home and friends, that smile around me,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I — can I say, "Farewell"?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly;
To the strangers let me tell
How He died — the blessèd Saviour —
To redeem a world from hell;
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

REV. S. F. SMITH, D.D.

173

Tune,—"ZION." 8s, 7s & 4 (see page 15).

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee."—Is. xli: 10.

1 Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them,
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be thou with them,
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

2 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toil and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be thou with them,
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

3 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more.

4 There to reap, in joy forever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown,
There to be with him who never
Ceases to preserve his own;
And with gladness
Give the praise to him alone.

KELLEY.

174

Tune,—"BOYLSTON." S.M. (page 34).

*"We * * * are one body in Christ."*—Romans xii: 5.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of Kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

175

ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

Tune,—"MISSIONARY HYMN." 7s & 6s. (p. 11).

"The kingdom of our God."—Rev. xii: 10.

1 In ancient times the prophets,
On mount of vision bright,
Beheld Messiah's triumph
O'er all the pow'rs of night;
The hosts of sin and sadness
They saw in dark array;
They heard the shouts of gladness
When grace had won the day.

2 Blest day when earth shall welcome
The kingdom of our God!
When righteousness shall flourish,
And peace be spread abroad;
When all mankind receiving
The Spirit's quickening flame,
Shall joy in Christ believing,
And bless his saving name.

3 The glorious day of blessing,
For which creation waits,
Shall come when Zion's armies,
Press forth from all her gates;
When all who love the Saviour
Make haste his love to tell,
And show in their behavior
They know and love him well.

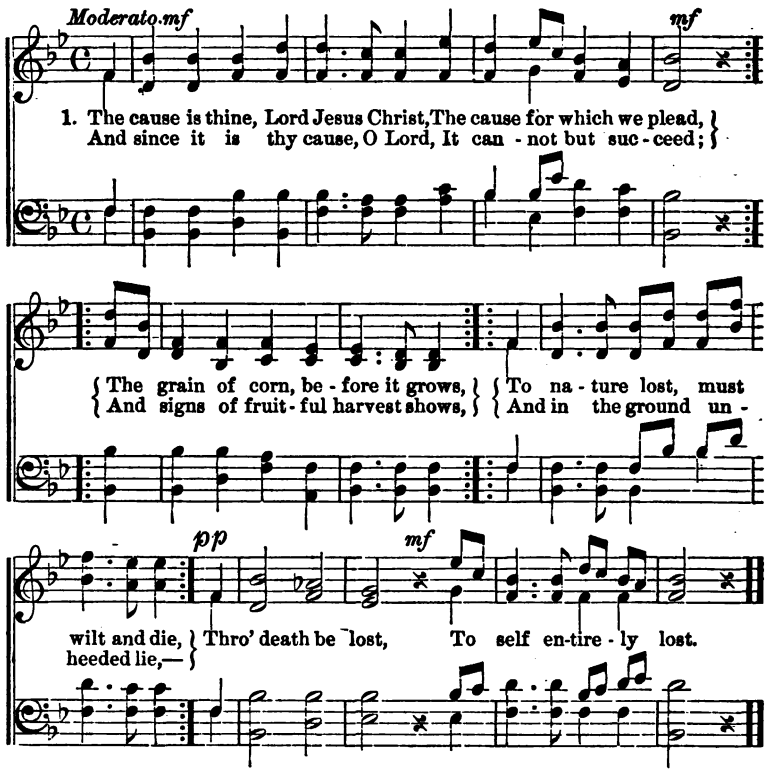
4 Then speed thee, Christian brother,
Divinest toils to share;
Go where the Master calleth,
And he'll be with thee there;
Go, tell of love redeeming,
* On *some poor* darksome shore,
And *Earth's* lost millions teeming,
Shall yet their Lord adore.

REV. E. HARMON.

* Instead of the italicized words the name of a specific country and its pronoun may be used.

176 Schauffler. P. M.

Tr. by MRS. CLARA E. SCHAUFFLER. J. HAYDN.

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done."—Matt. vi: 10.

Moderato.mf
mf
1. The cause is thine, Lord Jesus Christ, The cause for which we plead,
And since it is thy cause, O Lord, It can - not but suc - ceed;
The grain of corn, be - fore it grows,
And signs of fruit - ful harvest shows,
To na - ture lost, must
And in the ground un -
pp
mf
wilt and die,
heeded lie,—
Thro' death be lost,
To self en-tire - ly lost.

2 Thou, Lord and Captain, thou didst go
Through sorrow up to Heaven;
And to believing souls below,
The self-same path is given;
So take us all together, Lord,
To share the sorrow and reward;
Thy cause and us, with dying love,
Lead thro' thy grave to light above,
To light above,
Through night to light above.

3 Thou, as a grain of corn, didst die,
And sink into the tomb;
The world, thine own, in sin doth lie,—
Enliven now its gloom;
Send messengers to every zone;
Let soon thy glorious name be known,
Thy name so full of saving light;
We wait to serve, with heart and might,
In toil and fight,
To serve in toil and fight.

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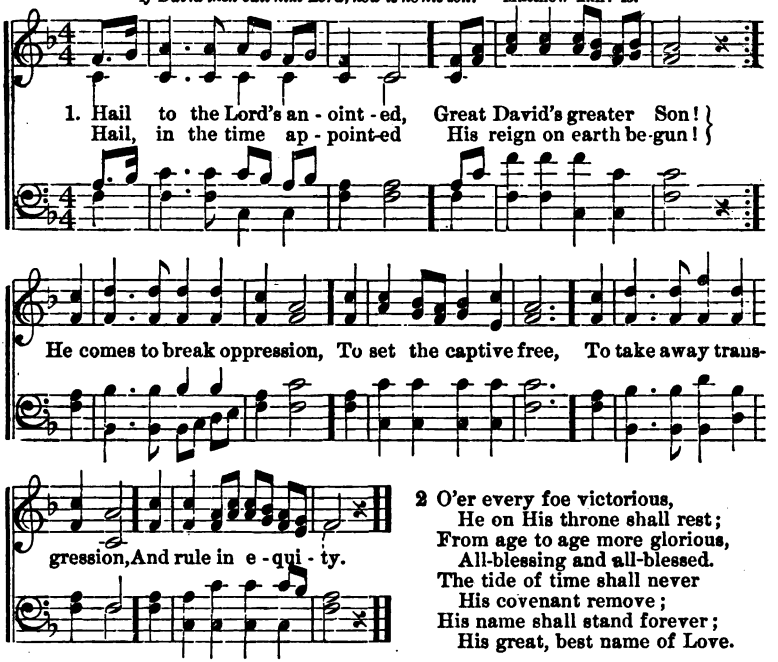
177 Mendebras. 7s & 6s.

J. MONTGOMERY. German Melody. Arr. by L. MASON.

"If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?"—Matthew xxii: 45.

1. Hail to the Lord's an - oint - ed, Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point-ed His reign on earth be-gun!
He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away trans-
gression, And rule in e - qui - ty.

2 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His great, best name of Love.

178

Tune,—"DUKE STREET." L. M. (page 75.)

"A little one shall become a thousand."—Is. lx. 22.

* 1 Shine on, "Lone Star"! thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night;
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

2 Shine on, "Lone Star"! in grief and tears,
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres;
In heaven lone stars are not despised.

3 Shine on, "Lone Star"! the day draws near,
When none shall shine more fair than thou;
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow.

4 Shine on, "Lone Star"! till earth redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands where thy radiance beamed,
Shall "crown the Saviour Lord of all."

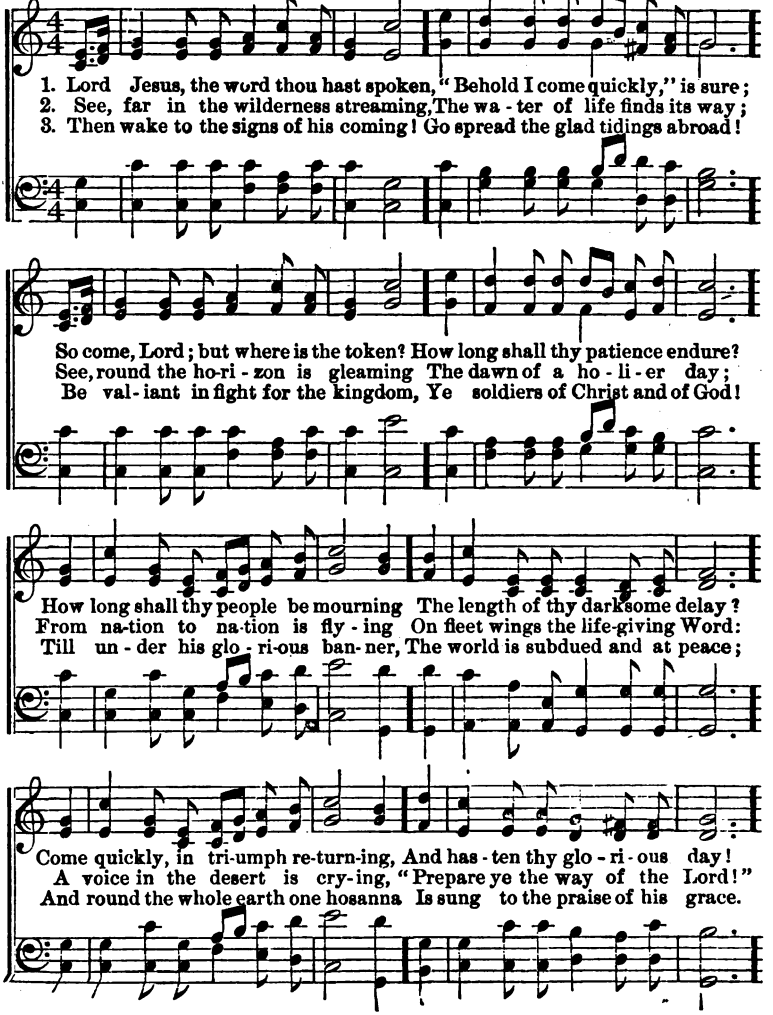
REV. S. F. SMITH, D.D. *Ab.*

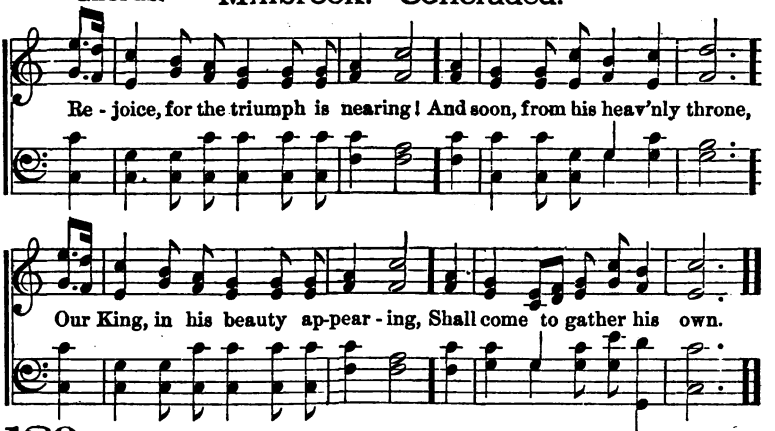
* After eighteen years labor it was proposed to abandon what was termed the "Lone Star" mission among the Telugus of India. This inspired the writing of the above hymn-poem. After twenty-one years more of waiting and working the mission reported "the largest Baptist church in the world," which was that of Ongole, with a membership at the close of 1878 of 12,804. The additions to all the churches of the Telugu mission for that year numbered 10,387.

179 Millbrook.

REV. HENRY N. COBB.
Formerly a missionary in Persia.

By per. REV. E. HARMON, 1881.

"Behold, I come quickly."—Rev. xxii: 12.

1. Lord Jesus, the word thou hast spoken, "Behold I come quickly," is sure;
2. See, far in the wilderness streaming, The wa - ter of life finds its way;
3. Then wake to the signs of his coming! Go spread the glad tidings abroad!
So come, Lord; but where is the token? How long shall thy patience endure?
See, round the ho-ri - zon is gleaming The dawn of a ho - li - er day;
Be val - iant in fight for the kingdom, Ye soldiers of Christ and of God!
How long shall thy people be mourning The length of thy darksome delay?
From na-tion to na-tion is fly - ing On fleet wings the life-giving Word:
Till un - der his glo - ri-ous ban-ner, The world is subdued and at peace;
Come quickly, in tri-umph re-turn-ing, And has - ten thy glo - ri - ous day!
A voice in the desert is cry-ing, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"
And round the whole earth one hosanna Is sung to the praise of his grace.

Chorus. **Millbrook. Concluded.**

Re - joice, for the triumph is nearing! And soon, from his heav'nly throne,
Our King, in his beauty ap-pear - ing, Shall come to gather his own.

180 Tune,—MISSIONARY CHANT" (page 10).

*"Awake, awake, * * O arm of the Lord."*—Is. li: 9.

1 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah — God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

181 HOME MISSIONS.

Tune,—"ELIZABETHTOWN" (page 72), or "ARLINGTON" (page 13) C.M.

"Ye shall be a delightsome land."—Mal. iii: 12.

1 On Zion and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright.

2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Streamed forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

3 Thou, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

H. U. ONDERDONK. *Ab.*

182 CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

Tune,—"TELL THE STORY." 7s & 6s. D. (page 31).

[Omit the Chorus.]

"The salvation of Israel."—Psalm xiv: 7.

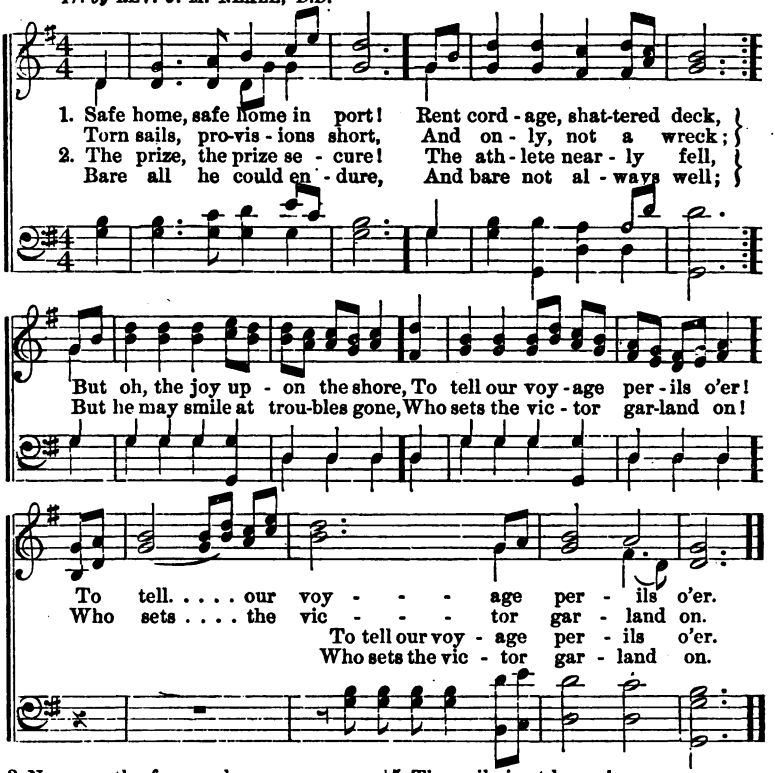
1 Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcast home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy Church to thee.

H. F. LYTE.

183 Lischer. H. M.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion."—Isaiah xxxv: 10.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, circ. 830. FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.
Called "The Return Home," from "Hymns of the Eastern Church."
Tr. by REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord - age, shat-tered deck,
Torn sails, pro-vis - ions short, And on - ly, not a wreck;
2. The prize, the prize se - cure! The ath - lete near - ly fell,
Bare all he could en - dure, And bare not al - ways well;
But oh, the joy up - on the shore, To tell our voy - age per - ils o'er!
But he may smile at trou-bles gone, Who sets the vic - tor gar-land on!
To tell. . . . . our voy - - - - age per - ils o'er.
Who sets . . . . the vic - - - - tor gar - land on.
To tell our voy - age per - ils o'er.
Who sets the vic - tor gar - land on.

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
The cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly he had failed!
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
*And for the sheep the Shep*herd died.

5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears,
Oh, longings not to roam,
Oh, sins, and doubts, and fears;
What matter now (when so men say),
The King has wiped those tears away?

6 Oh, happy, happy Bride!
Thy widow'd hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all his own at last;
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up!

Index of First Lines of Hymns.

(The figures refer to the numbers of the hymns.)

A band of lab'rers, here we meet 122
All hail the power of Jesus' name..... 94
All thy realms in midnight shrouded..... 168
Always with us, always with us..... 81
And is the time approaching..... 68
Arise, arise; with joy survey..... 10
Arise, ye saints, arise!..... 42
Arm of the Lord, awake!..... 180
Assembled at thy great command..... 1
As shadows cast by cloud and sun..... 150

Before Jehovah's awful throne 5
Behold the mountain of the Lord..... 97
Be thou, O God! exalted high..... 3
Blest be the tie that binds..... 174
Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song.. 163
Blow ye the trumpet, blow!..... 45
Brothers! rally for the conflict..... 144

Christ for the world we sing..... 26
Christ, to-day, is giving thee..... 41
Come, Lord, and tarry not..... 14
Come, thou long-expected Jesus..... 13

Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness.... 116
Daughter of Zion! from the dust..... 105
Disown'd of Heaven, by man oppress'd..... 142

Far down the ages now..... 76
Fling out the banner! let it float..... 157
From all that dwell below the skies..... 6
From Greenland's icy mountains 23
From our sisters comes the wail..... 118

Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour..... 115
Give as God hath given thee..... 171
Give us room, that we may dwell..... 88
Glorious things of thee are spoken..... 82
God bless our native land 147
God is gone up on high 113
Go forth among the poor..... 124
Go, messenger of peace and love..... 21
"Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord..... 22
Great God! to whom alone belong..... 145

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning.. 100
Hail to the Lord's Anointed..... 177
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices..... 106
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes..... 104
Hark! the song of jubilee 71
Hark! the sound of angel voices..... 131
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying 24
Hark! what mean those holy voices..... 12
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time..... 87
Hasten, O Lord! that happy time... 165
Hear the voice of Jesus calling..... 49
He comes in blood-stained garments..... 156
He that goeth forth and weepeth..... 48
He that goeth forth with weeping..... 40
How are thy servants blest, O Lord!..... 62
How beauteous are their feet..... 85
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.. 92
How sweet and awful is the place..... 57

If you cannot on the ocean..... 33
I gave my life for thee..... 65
I love thy kingdom, Lord..... 66
I love to tell the story..... 58
In ancient times the prophets 175
In joyful expectation..... 78
In the cross of Christ I glory 55
In the wondrous times of old..... 119
Isles of the South! your redemption is nearing. 101

I thank the goodness and the grace..... 160

Jesus, immortal King, arise..... 16
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 63
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..... 107
Joy to the world! the Lord is come 102

Let all the earth their voices raise..... 169
Light for the Gentiles! Light..... 120
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart.....page 83
Little travelers Zionward..... 152
Look from thy sphere of endless day..... 129
Lord Jesus, the wo.d thou hast spoken 179
Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear.. 83
Lord, what offering shall we bring?..... 125
Lo, the land of Sinim waking!..... 74
Lo, what a glorious sight appears!..... 95

Mortals, awake! with angels join..... 103
Mourn for the thousands slain..... 143
Must Jesus bear the cross alone?..... 60
My country, 'tis of thee 148
My God, my King, thy various praise..... 7
My soul is not at rest..... 164

No room for Jesus in the inn..... 170
Now be the gospel banner..... 37

O, city of the Lord! begin..... 109
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness 31
O'er the ocean is wafted a piteous cry..... 38
O'er the realms of pagan darkness..... 32
O, Ethiopia, land of night!..... 133
O God! beneath thy guiding hand 149
Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing!..... 111
Oh! not my own this wondrous frame..... 56
O holy Father, just and true 158
Oh, still in accents sweet and strong..... 35
Oh! the hearts all crushed and bleeding..... 132
O Lord, behold us at thy feet!..... 121
O Lord! be thou with those who sail..... 139
O Lord! how full of sweet content..... 64
O mother! love the mercy-seat..... 126
Once on the raging seas I rode..... 134
Only a little penny..... 151
O North, with all thy vales of green..... 90
On the mountain's top appearing..... 86
On thy church, O Power divine!..... 18
Onward, onward! men of heaven..... 27
Onward speed thy conquering flight..... 50
On Zion and on Lebanon..... 181
Oh, that the Lord's salvation..... 182
O thou best gift of heaven..... 54
Our country's voice is pleading..... 128
Our field is the world..... 167
Our God! our help in ages past..... 72
Out on an ocean all boundless we ride 136
Over the ocean wave, far, far away..... 29

Palms of glory, raiment bright..... 96
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow 4

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise. 84
Rock of Ages, cleft for me..... 53
Roll on, thou mighty ocean..... 24
Round the temp'rance standard rally..... 146

Safe home, safe home in port!..... 183
Say not, "For the harvest wait" 117
See, from Zion's sacred mountain..... 89
Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye..... 141
Shine on, "Lone Star," thy radiance bright,... 178
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing 162
Shout the tidings of salvation..... 47
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands..... 9

Sleep not, soldier of the cross..... 36
Soldiers of Christ, arise!..... 43
Soon may the last glad song arise..... 93
Sound, sound the truth abroad..... 25
Sovereign of worlds, display thy power..... 9
Sow in the morn thy seed..... 51
Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them..... 173
Spirit Divine! attend our prayer..... 15
Spirit of power and might, behold!..... 11
Stand up, stand up for Jesus!..... 30
Star of peace! to wanderers weary..... 137
Strike, valiant warrior, strike!..... 39

Take my life, and let it be..... 59
Tell it out among the heathen..... 161
The cause is thine, Lord Jesus Christ..... 176
The harvest dawn is near..... 91
The morning light is breaking..... 99
The praise of Zion waits for thee..... 8
The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding... 110
There is a guiding heart above..... 2
There's a cry from Macedonia..... 46
The soldiers are gathering from near..... 153
The whole wide world for Jesus..... 79
Though now the nations sit beneath..... 77
Thy name, Almighty Lord..... 73
Tossed upon life's raging billow..... 135
'Twas spring-time in Judea..... 159

Wake the song of jubilee..... 98
Wake! wake! Isles of the South..... 166
Watchmen! tell us of the night..... 70
We are but young, yet we may sing..... 154
We are living, we are dwelling..... 52
We'll not give up the Bible!..... 127.
We wait in faith, in prayer we wait..... 19
We wait thy triumph, Saviour, King!..... 17
When, his salvation bringing..... 155
Where Stamboul's towers are gleaming..... 80
Where the woodman's axe is ringing..... 130
While in toil and in weariness here..... 69
While o'er the deep thy servants sail..... 138
Who but thou, almighty Spirit..... 114
Who is this that comes from Edom?..... 108
Why, on the bending willows hung..... 140
Within these quiet walls, O Lord!..... 123
With my substance I will honor..... 67
Work, for the night is coming..... 44
Working, O Christ! with thee..... 61

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim..... 20
Yes, my native land, I love thee..... 172
Yes, we trust the day is breaking..... 75
Ye tribes of Adam, join..... 112

Index of Tunes.

(The figures refer to the pages.)

A cry from Macedonia..... 24
America..... 75
Antioch..... 52
Arlington..... 13
Auld Lang Syne..... 61
Austrian Hymn..... 6
Autumn..... 66
Ayrshire (Bonnie Doon)..... 69
Azmon (Denfield)..... 17

Balerma..... 30
Bartimeus..... 7
Bavaria..... 13
Billow (Star of Peace)..... 71
Bonnie Doon (Ayrshire)..... 69
Boylston..... 7, 34
Burlington..... 56

Cambridge..... 53
Canaan..... 83
Coronation..... 46
Cross and Crown (Maitland).. 32
Cutting..... 12

Darwell..... 57
Dedham..... 5
Denfield (Azmon)..... 17
Dennis..... 39
Dix..... 9
Downs..... 8
Duke Street..... 5, 75

Elizabethtown..... 72
Eltham..... 37
Empire..... 28
Evan..... 76

Freedmen..... 67

Good Tidings..... 25
Greenville..... 39

Hail to the Brightness (Wesley)..... 51
Halle..... 32
Hamburg..... 10, 74
Harwell..... 54
Hastings..... 45
Hebron..... 79
He that Goeth Forth and Weepeth..... 26
Homeward Bound..... 70

I Love to Tell the Story..... 31
Italian Hymn..... 11, 30, 75

Laban..... 21
Lenox..... 23
Lischer..... 102
Little Travelers..... 77
Livingstone..... 68

Maitland (Cross and Crown).. 32
Malvern..... 96
Marching Along..... 78
Marlow..... 37
Martyn..... 33
Mear..... 63
Mendebras..... 90
Mendon..... 5, 39
Messiah..... 48
Millbrook..... 100
Missionary Chant..... 19
Missionary Hymn..... 11, 18, 65
Missionary's Call..... 88
Missionary Watchword..... 40
Mission Song..... 17

Northfield..... 47
Nuremburg..... 96

Old Hundred..... 4
Olivet..... 60
Olmutz..... 74
Ortonville..... 8, 9
Our Field is the World..... 94
Over the Ocean Wave..... 14

Palms..... 82
Peterboro'..... 33
Pleyel's Hymn..... 63
Portuguese Hymn..... 46

Rathbun..... 30
Retreat..... 62
Rhine..... 49
Rockingham..... 73, 89

Sabbath..... 59
Salvation..... 80
Savannah..... 42
Schauffler..... 98
Selvin..... 20
Sessions..... 73
Send Me..... 27
Shout the Glad Tidings..... 86
Sicily..... 35, 41, 69
Sinim..... 39
Spanish Hymn..... 44
St. Ann's..... 55
Star of Peace (Billow)..... 71
State Street..... 29
Stockwell..... 20, 41
St. Thomas..... 43

Tamworth..... 55
Telleman's Chant..... 21
Tell It Out..... 84

Uxbridge..... 3

Valley of Blessing..... 19

Wake! Isles of the South..... 99
Ward..... 8, 72
Watchman..... 36
Webb..... 50
Wesley (Hail to the Brightness..... 51
We'll not give up the Bible..... 64
White..... 18
Work..... 22

Your Mission..... 16

Zephyr..... 81
Zion..... 15

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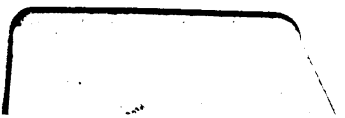

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